

NEW DOMINION MONTHLY.

JANU.

1874.

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JOHN DOUGALL & SON, PUBLISHERS, MONTREAL.

MONTREAL WITNESS PROSPECTUS FOR 1874.

The circulation of the DAILY averages at present about 12,000, or 1,300 a day more than last year,—a circulation claimed to be more than equal to that of all the other English dailies in the city put together.

The circulation of the TRI-WEEKLY, formerly Semi-Weekly, has continued steady at 3,600, and that of the WEEKLY has increased from 9,500 to 11,000.

It is evident from these figures that the WEEKLY WITNESS meets with the greatest favor, and to it we would this year call special attention. From our subscribers we have always got more assistance in extending our circulation than from all other means. We therefore request all of them who approve of the general course of the WITNESS to call to it the attention of those in whose families they think it would exert a healthful influence. Those who do not preserve the WITNESS for future reference might serve its interests more than they think by simply forwarding a copy now and again to some friend at a distance, or by "placing it where it will do most good" among their neighbors. Our subscribers will learn with satisfaction that it is intended to enlarge the WEEKLY WITNESS at the New Year to an extent sufficient to cover the existing and prospective increase in space occupied by advertising. This will be the second enlargement within two years. Should the advertising business grow still further, a still further increase in size is contemplated. These changes are rendered possible by the increase in circulation and advertising. Every reader has thus a direct interest in developing the business of the paper. Among our best friends are the storekeepers and postmasters, who have, through good will, towards the paper and a desire for the good of their neighbors, gone to both trouble and expense in forwarding the subscriptions of their customers.

The TRI-WEEKLY edition is obtainable by ministers actually in charge of congregations, and by teachers actually teaching in schools, at half-price. This, however, invariably means cash. The TRI-WEEKLY edition is held to be two dollars worth when given as a commission for subscriptions obtained. Ministers and teachers are looked upon as friends of the paper who will do their best to promote its interests.

The DAILY WITNESS is unquestionably the leading paper in the Province, and has only one rival in the Dominion for circulation and influence.

Of the character of the WITNESS we need only say it is well known. It aims at maintaining a complete independence of all political, denominational, and social influences, and to use its whole power on the side of Righteousness, Temperance and Evangelical Religion. The need for a disinterested advocacy of truth and righteousness in public life, and temperance and economy in social life, never appeared so great as it does to-day, when prosperity and luxury

have bred corruption and dissipation to an alarming extent before unknown. That this duty may be faithfully and competently fulfilled, we ask for the support and prayers of Christians throughout the land.

RATES OF SUBSCRIPTION.

DAILY WITNESS.....	\$3.00 per an.
TRI-WEEKLY.....	2.00 "
WEEKLY.....	1.00 "

The DAILY WITNESS is also obtainable from newsmen in almost all towns and villages at 6c. per week, thus saving postage. The WEEKLY may be had through dealers as cheap as through the Post-Office.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Advertising in each edition is charged at 10 cents per line first insertion, and 5 cents for each continuance. Special rates for annual contracts according to position in the paper.

These rates, both of subscription and advertising, are, probably, as low as can be found anywhere in proportion to value.

Prospectus of the Canadian Messenger for 1874.

This paper, for the money it costs, has more reading in it, and that of the highest class, than any of our other publications. It contains no news, but is a perfect treasure-house of instructive and attractive reading, as gathered from the abundant resources which contemporary literature affords. It is a pioneer, finding its way to the utmost limits of civilization, and to every remote post-office in the Dominion, from Michipicoton to Mainadieu. Circulation 14,000. It should double its circulation through Sabbath-schools.

Canadian Messenger, 38 cents per an in advance, postage prepaid by publishers. Club of seven to one address for \$2; 100 to one address \$25. Advertising 10 cents per line, each insertion.

CLUBS.

In all our publications where one person remits for one year in advance for eight persons, he will be entitled to one copy additional for himself. Or any person remitting \$8 for our publications will be entitled to one dollar's worth additional. Any subscriber to the WITNESS or MESSENGER may have the NEW DOMINION MONTHLY to his own address, or to that of a new subscriber thereto, for \$1—if he remits it direct to this office along with his other subscriptions. The reading in the MONTHLY is entirely different from that in the other publications.

The terms for all our publications are CASH IN ADVANCE, and the paper stops when the time paid for expires, unless subscription is previously renewed.

All remittances to be addressed, in registered letters, to JOHN DOUGALL & SON,
MONTREAL.

THE
NEW DOMINION MONTHLY
FOR 1874.

PART I.—JANUARY TO JUNE, INCLUSIVE.



Montreal:
PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY JOHN DOUGALL & SON,
218 AND 220 ST. JAMES STREET.

1874.

PRICE: ONE DOLLAR AND FIFTY CENTS PER ANNUM.

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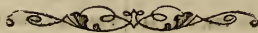
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PROFESSOR AGASSIZ.

NEW DOMINION MONTHLY.

JANUARY, 1874.

A WINTER CRUISE IN A PILOT BOAT.

BY D. D.

At an early hour on the twenty-sixth day of December, 1872, the lower bay, New York harbor, presented a dismal aspect. The tide was near flood, and the great stretches of ice which had rushed madly out to sea and crashed against the bows of anchored ships during ebb, had been swept back with the returning flood and now crunched and ground together in the Narrows, as the swift flowing water drew through between Staten Island and Fort Hamilton. A sharp north-east wind blew briskly over the ice-fields and lanes of green water betwixt them, picking up any caloric exhaled from below, and converting it instantly into vapor. The sky was clear; a bright belt in the eastern horizon foretold the approach of dawn, and the cold grew more intense, as the outward-bound fleet of "pinewood" schooners, fishermen, and brigantines hung at their anchors in Gravesend Bay, awaiting slack water. They had lain here breasting the flood-tide for over six hours, and among the number was one of the justly admired, graceful, and stanch New York pilot boats, No. 14—the "Edward F. Williams."

She lies silently swinging at anchor; her tall and bowed masts tower over her polished decks, while her sails, white and shining in the starlight like so many snowbanks, are furled to the booms and gaffs.

One living form is visible on deck. That form is one of the far-famed pilot boat boys, and he is keeping his anchor watch. He walks the deck briskly, and well he may,

for the low bulwarks surrounding his little ship are only a foot high, the wind sweeps keenly over the bay, and he is keeping a sharp look out both on the movements of the tide and also at those of the cabin clock, for at the hour of five "all hands are to be called, and the boat got under weigh, for a cruise to the East." Below decks four jolly pilots—who ever saw them otherwise on shore?—are lying ensconced between their blankets, and making the "Williams'" cabin reverberate with their noisy slumber; while on the other side of the bulkhead, in the forecabin, are five more snorers. The cook, an old and successful follower of the culinary art, is taking his last snooze before making morning coffee, while the "boat-keeper" and three others of the crew are recuperating their exhausted energies.

The reader will suppose the writer is now on deck, and that the hour is five a. m., neither more nor less, and that the tide is done running up. The appointed time has come and with one mighty yell of "Turn out below there," I descend to the forecabin. Grasping the cook firmly by the shoulder, I give him a shake that makes him, after giving a grunt or two, spring from the bunk and land by the galley stove, where with sundry growls and maledictions, at pilot-boating in general, he gets to work at the coffee mill.

By this time the crew is on deck. The pilot, whose turn it is to be in charge, comes up also, gazes at the glittering stars, and then off over the ice-field, and as the

monotonous clank clank, of a schooner's windlass in motion reaches his ear, he sin s out, in as gruff a voice as could possibly issue from a throat which has been the avenue for many a gallon of prime *liqueurs* to disappear from view, "man the wind-ass." We made a general rush to that instrument, for we shivered, and pumped it up and down at a gratifying rate of speed. Fathom after fathom of chain came in all coated with ice, and for ten minutes we worked away, until, perspiring profusely, and with shortcoming breath, we obeyed the order of Tom the boat-keeper to "Vast heaving, bullies, make the mainsail single reefed, and hoist the jib." While all were busied in these varied occupations, the whole fleet was a scene of noise and activity. The hoarse cries of the "toilers of the sea" could be heard, while the rattle of blocks, and the flapping of the cotton sails, as they rose into the morning breeze, made Gravesend Bay a lively place for the nonce. A half-an-hour after as little cakes of ice, the forerunners of big floes, and sharp, knife-like pieces from the fresh waters of the Hudson, began to grind under our bows, we gave our gallant boat sheet, and hauled out the main boom; when like a thing of life the "Edward F." travelled down the bay, shooting across the bows of dull sailing schooners, clipper fishing smacks, and actually giving a certain old tug, a Methuselah among New York steam craft, a hard one. Our stout skipper, Pilot Brown, bet his best Sunday beaver against the cook's griddle, we'd beat her down to the Hook; but the wind fell gradually, and the tug turned the corner first. As we rounded the Hook and laid our course east to meet the storm-battered fleet of vessels so long expected and so long delayed, we met, full in the face, deep and heavy swells fresh from "far at sea." The lively little "Edward" jumped from one to the other, dipped her nose into a spray top now and then, and left behind her a long line of big bubbles, froth and foam. "Go it, old girl!" shouted Pilot Brown; "tote us down to the shoals at this rate of speed, and we'll let '1,' or '13,' or 'No. 10' herself see how to board four ships a day, and be home in time for church next Sunday!" Breakfast came, and with its disappearance there

also disappeared a frown from the "Doctor's" brow. "Dar she go again!" roared that functionary, as the boat, whacking into a sea, mixed up plates, pots and spoons on our fore-castle breakfast-table, to our own infinite disgust. "De debbil is in her; I fried 'leben fish-ball'"—"Yes, Doctor," remarked Jack Jericho, who gazed mournfully on our empty platter, "but only 'seben' came round this way."—"Hold dat tongue of yourn, Jericho; wait till I 'splain," answered our sable cook. "Dem 'leben laid dere bootiful, lubly, an' I was a rollin' up 'leben more to put in dar stead, when de boat rared up; I went ker smash into dat barrel of crackers; de coffee-pot upshot and drowned out de cooked fish-ball; dey flopped out ob de griddle in a gulf-stream uv coffee, an' my ancles took de whole benefit!" We laughed at the miseries of the cook, and had barely got to work again on what was before us, when, with a violent leap which made the boat tremble, she dived into a big sea. With a roar and a rush a ton or so of water flew over her bow, while my plate and all it contained jumped over into a messmate's bunk. Everything movable on the table also disappeared, and before we had time to pick up eatables or dishes, the loud voice of old Peterson, our heavy weather pilot, was heard—"Yoost come on deck, poys, and take a reef!"

The evening of the same day we were well clear of the land. Fire Island light twinkled at intervals like a star in the horizon, and with not a ripple on the glassy face of the heavy Easterly swell, our boat lay rolling violently back and forth—be-calmed. To the pilots this was vexatious, and with many a curse and growl, they consulted the barometer and appearance of the sky. About 8 p.m. a haze closed in from our view both stars and the lights on shore. At 9, dark clouds scurried overhead, I was standing at the helm at that hour, and Captain Brown, after looking anxiously at the heavens above, gazed intently at the barometer. He shook his head. "Peterson," he called out, "come up here and have a look. The barometer is falling fast, and the clouds look cantankerous." The pilots below dropped their cards and books, and on coming up, all declared they

didn't like the looks of the weather. The barometer told of a gale fast approaching, the clouds of a blinding snow-storm, which was to envelop us in its pall, and the sea, undulating and ominously still, of mighty and towering wave crests through which our boat would shortly labor. The weather-wise pilots believed them all, and we accordingly put the boat in readiness for a dirty night. At midnight it was yet calm, but a sharp ear could detect a distant roar, while little fretting waves splashed under our stern. Pilot Conley, sharp and keen, heard the warning. He turned to me quietly. "Diamond, call all hands; its coming," and sure enough it was upon us. With a burst which turned our heavily ballasted craft half over, we were opposed to its fury, and what was worse the soft dash of the snow flakes was felt in our faces. We were in for a snow-storm and a gale of wind, while right in the track of the Mail steamships from Europe; and, for all we could do to prevent it, one of them, running blindly on in the obscurity, might cleave the "Williams" in twain, and with one cry for help, we, her crew, would disappear forever. But we were too busy to think such things as these, and hauled and pulled, and folded and tied at the close reefs with our half-frozen hands, while we were all wringing wet from the showers of spray flying over our devoted craft. Our only thought just then was to finish our labors, get the boat nicely hove to, and retire below, where it was warm and dry. So we passed the night, constantly up and down, while the gale increased in intensity. The wind roared and shrieked through the rigging, and sleet and hail drove sharply in our faces. Morning broke; but for us, beyond the fact that we could perceive the pall of obscurity in which we were buried, the daylight served no good purpose. It was no longer safe to walk the deck. The motion of the boat was too violent to allow of much locomotion below, and the cook took a holiday. "Frap the jib, below there," was the order given at 9 a. m., and we went on deck to crawl inch by inch toward the bow. We all dreaded this job, which consisted in tying up the jib, and hoisting it far up above the bowsprit, clear of ice and water. To effect this we were obliged to

"lay out" on the bowsprit foot ropes, where with nothing between us and a watery grave but our slippery foothold, we strained and pulled at the wet canvas for an hour; while every now and then the sharp-nosed boat dipped down violently into a green sea, and we would be immersed in water up to the shoulders, perhaps completely covered. With a wild grasp for life we would cling to the bowsprit, until the boat rose high in the air, showing her keel half way down her bottom. "Hang on, boys,—here she dives again," and down we would go head and ears under. In this way we were benumbed by the icy blast, our clothes froze on us, and our unprotected fingers refused to do their duty, until at last they too became touched with frost. On this occasion several of us were severely frost-bitten, and when our work was ended our misery was almost unbearable. The cook, like a good Samaritan, kept the thawing fingers in salt, ice, and sweet oil, but still the pain was excessive as they thawed, and for weeks after our digits were as tender as if parboiled. Thirty-six hours of a gale and the sun came out once more, the wind fell, the waves grew beautifully less, and we took advantage of the lull to press our way East. "Slap all the canvas on her, boat-keeper," said Capt. Brown, the morning after the gale; "we'll go East till the butter runs out!" and sure enough we did. With a N.N.W. breeze we sighted Shinnecock lighthouse, next Montauk Point; a little further on we skirted the insular territory—appropriately named Block Island—of the smallest State in the Union, and then steered for George's Shoals and "steam." "Yes," said Brown, "we all want to board twenty-five foot steamers." Late that evening, just as the sun was disappearing behind the Western waves, we spied a big ship from our mast-head, carrying all topgallant sails, and close-hauled.

"Ease off the main sheet." "Set the little staysail and gafftopsail." "Put the second bonnet in the jib;" and up went our cloud of light canvas. Like a thing of life the "Williams" rushed over the deep. She cut defiantly through big and little waves, and slipped along so smoothly and swiftly that the pilots slapped their hands in glee. "Better than a coach and four," said Roff.

"Go it old girl," said Conley, who had the first turn to board, and about 9 p. m., sure enough, we had skipped over between thirty and forty miles of water, and were close hauled running up to windward of the black hull of the ship. Pilot Brown hailed her. "Ship ahoy!" "Halloo!" came back hoarsely. "What ship is that?" was asked, in a voice of thunder. "The 'Sea Serpent,' one hundred and twenty days from Shanghai." "Where are you bound?" "To New York." Do you want a pilot?" "Yes." "What water do you draw?" "Twenty-one feet." "Square your main yard, then," was the ultimatum, and while the noise of the rattle of blocks, and the long-drawn cries of the crew of the tea clipper floated to us on the frosty air, we were no less busily engaged. Capsizing our yawl, which had been securely lashed to the deck, we launch her, and two of us boys jump in, while Pilot Conley hops into the stern sheets. The "Doctor," *i.e.* cook, hands in his carpetbag, containing his go-ashore shirt, when the order is given, "Let go the painter" (or boat's rope), and as we are nicely ahead, and to the windward of the ship, the yawl drops down on her, and is skilfully brought alongside. Up the side ladder runs the pilot, and the yawl is dropped astern. The captain of the "Sea Serpent" now gives up all command to Mr. Conley. The latter orders the mainyard to be braced sharp up, and the good ship fills away for Sandy Hook, a pilot on board, and all hands happy at the approaching end of their long voyage. The two boys in the yawl now lie on their oars, the pilot boat wears round, and in ten minutes more picks them up. "Hoist in the yawl, boys, and get your supper," says Pilot Brown, "and our job is ended. Very easily done, you say. Yes, it is not so bad in light weather, but wait till the same duty has to be performed in a gale.

"All hands on deck here!—Steam!" About midnight that magic word sent us tumbling up the ladder, our knuckles in our eyes, and without either coats or mittens on. "Now, boys, stir your stumps. Here's steam right under our lee bow;" and sure enough, in a few minutes we showed our torch, and in answer saw three blue lights. "That's her!" cried Roff,

—"the 'Russia'—twenty-five feet. Hooray!" and up went his cap. In ten minutes more the roar of her escaping steam showed she wanted a pilot, and was stationary. That was enough. Out went our yawl again; Pilot Roff made his toilet on the double, jumped into the small boat, and five minutes after mounted the bridge of one of the finest Cunard steamships afloat. "That's the way to do it," said Peterson, whose next turn it was; "now I'll yoost take the 'City of London,' which is comin' along to-night." But alas for mortal hopes! Five hours after we spoke the said "City of London," when the cheery voice of Pilot Smith, of the "Pet," answered, "All right, my covey! I've been aboard since last evening." That was enough. Mr. Peterson, with disgust pictured on his countenance, went to bed.

On the following morning we sighted "No. 10," or the "Pet." "Ha!" said Peterson, gazing scornfully on her, "you're there, are you? Well"—turning to me who was at the helm—"Yoost tumble up the poys and get the rags on '14'; we'll show her a thing or two." So out went the reef, and out came the "Pet's" also. We jogged along in company for a couple of hours, until our mastheadsman sang out excitedly, "Bark right ahead! a little feller." "I yoost said so," cried Pilot Peterson, despondently. "She'll draw about six foot, I expect." Now for a race, thought I; and sure enough we had one. Talk about a yacht race, all stiff and formal, kept within certain bounds, regulated by the firing of guns, and judges' award: there is nothing for excitement and fun like a genuine impromptu race between two pilot-boats, and we had one that morning. The wind was baffling, and of "all shapes and sizes." Now "10" drew ahead, and then we got "aslant," until at noon the little bark loomed up to our view close at hand, and displayed the Norwegian flag. "Now," said Peterson, "this is yoost too bad. We're both abreast of one another, and neither will give up the chase. Out with the yawl, and we'll make a dash at her!" Our yawl was launched, and at the exact instant it touched water, the "Pet's" followed suit. (Excitement.) "Now, poys," cried Peterson, who was getting a little excited,

"yoost pull like devils!"—"All right!" we answered. Our old cook pitched the carpet-bag into the boat. "Let go!" and as our yawl shot out for the prize in view, the "Pet's" boat did likewise. "Heaby on de bow oar!" yelled our cook. "Sabe dem!" he continued. "Dar, dar, de 'Pet's' a-gainin'!" and, with a set expression of despair on his ebony features, he disappeared below. But "de 'Pet'" didn't gain, for after fifteen minutes of the "white ash breeze," our gallant boys, all streaming with sweat, grasped the side of the "Frederica Bremer." The crew on board her cheered lustily. We on board the "Williams" yelled and howled, and acted generally like lunatics; while "Ten's" yawl returned, not exactly squarely beaten, as its crew labored under the disadvantage of having a little further to row.

The next day the wind was light, and we beat about in search of the inward bound fleet. Just before dinner—corned beef and cabbage,—we sighted a large barque, which, under a press of sail, was standing in for the land. As soon as we cast eyes on her tall masts, square yards, rakish proportions and taut skysail poles, we pronounced her a "reglar old Down Easter," and an hour after we had the pleasure of speaking the "Jeremiah Perkins," of Belfast, Maine. "Do you want a pilot," roared Brown. "Wal," replied the skipper, "I'm Captain Jeremiah Perkins, and I know the road into York as well as you do; so, mister, it's a kind a hard to make me take a pilot." Brown got vexed, and used a huge oath. "Look here, Captain Perkins, you're too smart. If you were off the Hook in a snow-storm or during a dark night, you'd beg and pray for my services; now that you can see a half a mile ahead, I can go about my business." "Wal," answered the closefisted Perkins, "I'll take you because I have to, but I'm darned if I pay 'off shore.'" * "Well," said the highly incensed Brown, "Short that pine coffin of yours, and get her out of this. I guess and calkerlate you got your bringing up down

* A vessel pays "off shore" pilotage in addition to the regular charge when she is boarded so far away from the Sandy Hook lighthouse that it is invisible.

It is, however, optional with her commander whether he takes a pilot outside the limits or not.

in Maine, for you don't show to advantage around here." The "Jeremiah" moved on accordingly. That night the weather changed for the worse, and the ensuing morning the wind which had been freshening for some time, blew a gale from the Northwest. A very heavy sea came bouncing down upon us, and Captain Brown ordered the boat to be hove to. We were evidently in for a "snifter," and prepared accordingly. Whack, bang, the big seas struck us one after the other on the bow, and made the little "Williams" tremble, while her deck sails and masts were heavily coated with the spray congealed to ice. It was a blue day for sailors, cold and dismal; but we were digesting our dinner and drying our clothes before a roaring fire in the galley stove—in fact comfortable—when the watch on the deck sang out, "Sail on the lee bow. Big ship hove to." "Thunder!" "I told you so!" "We're in for it!" &c., were a few of the comments we made on this information. Pilot Brown chafed at this inaction, and having a look at the distant craft, pronounced her to be a deep draft packet ship. "Ease off the fore sheet, hoist the peak of the mainsail, and run down to her;" and away we scudded. An hour after as we rose on the foaming crest of a mighty wave, we looked down on the broad deck and ice-covered sides of the Blackball packet ship "Neptune" of New York. There she tossed, hove to under a close reefed maintopsail and two staysails. Her big bows would rise high in air showing the bright copper underneath; and then her huge stern would come up out of the surge like a castle, while her lee scuppers lay in the water, through the force of the gale. "Now, boys," said Captain Brown, "this ship is to be boarded to-day, whatever it costs; and though there is risk, a firm hand and a steady eye will get us safe through." Just then the well-known portly form of Captain Peabody was to be seen on the top of the "Neptune," cabin, while his huge speaking-trumpet was raised to his lips. "Heavy gale; lay by and board when it moderates." "Not if I know it!" was Brown's hoarse response. "Rig a rope from the end of the mainyard, drop it down, and I'll be aboard in ten minutes." Now came the tug of war,

After twelve hours' drenching in the spray, our deck, ropes, blocks and yawls had become coated with ice from one inch to two in thickness. The blocks refused to work, the ropes were like rods of iron, while our foothold was so precarious that we were comparatively helpless. But "where there's a will there's a way," and with the help of a tea-kettle of boiling water we were enabled to loosen the fastenings of our heavy weather yawl, and turned it up; but it was entirely beyond our control, as its bottom was slippery with ice. When the pilot boat lurched, overboard shot the yawl; her stern dipped into a green sea, and a second after she was floating alongside half full of water. "Jump in and bail her out!" yelled Brown, and at it I went, the cold bath to which I was subjected making me shudder all over. Just then it seemed of small consequence whether I perished or not, so completely did physical misery banish all fear of death. However, I had the yawl nicely clear of water in a short time, and was squeezing the brine from my soaking mittens, when Pilot Brown came up from the cabin and, enveloped in waterproof clothing, managed, after several attempts, to reach the yawl. My companion, Ted Regan, took his seat also. Our tiny craft reared up on the back of a leviathan wave, and with the order "Let go our painter!" we were entered upon the dangerous passage from the "Williams" to the "Neptune," in a cockle-shell of a small boat. We were benumbed with cold, encumbered with icy clothing, and one minute so high in the air as to look in upon the decks of the big ship, and the next so low in the trough of the sea as to have ship and pilot boat shut completely out from view; — naught remained to be seen but their masts and yards, sticking up as it were from the foamy waves. The scene was unpleasant, and after I had once gazed on it, and taken in the danger, I resolutely bent my eyes on my work, for it required all the skill and energy Ted and I possessed to keep our boat on her course and prevent her capsizing. In five minutes our little craft, more by the force of the wind and "send" of the sea than by our own exertions, shot under the stern of the old packet-ship. At

that instant her bow was buried deep in the trough of a sea, and consequently her huge square stern towered aloft above us, like a brown stone front in Fifth Avenue. I could see the barnacles fast fixed on her rudder and stern post, and her cabin windows were at a dizzy altitude above me. But as if by magic her position changed, and down into the same trough where her bow had wallowed a moment ago her stern descended. Down, down! it went, until I was on a level with the dead lights in the cabin windows. The big letters, "'NEPTUNE,' OF NEW YORK," invited inspection, while Capt. Peabody leaned over the taffrail, perhaps ten feet above us. "By —, Brown! you're venturesome. I'm blessed if I'd risk my life in such a boat as that to-day. Why, it's the biggest gale of wind my old ship's been in since we left Cape Clear, and we've been battering at it 45 days. So cold, too! Eight of my men froze stiff. Thawed 'em out about an hour ago with belayin' pins!" We didn't wait to hear about the original process of revivification, but feeling our way got to the lee of the vessel. Here it was what Ted called "Hivenly." The force of the wind was broken, the sea was smoothed down by the old ship's hull, and we backed our yawl within ten feet of the bulwarks. Here a rope swung about touching the water, and suspended from the mainyard. A "bowline" or loop was made at its end, while a guy, connected with this, ran on board, where four or five "heavy weather" sailors grasped its end. Brown watched his chance—his eagle eye took in the situation—the ship rolled to leeward—her lee scuppers buried down deep in the water, with a gurgling noise, when he made a spring and, planting his feet in the "bowline," seized the rope above his head; we rowed clear; he swung out like a giant pendulum; the five men made a rush with the guy; the ship rolled back to windward, and old Brown went in over the rail at such a tremendous rate of speed that the five sailors tumbled head over heels; he pitched on top of them, and brought himself up with a bang. "You're gritty, Brown!" roared old Peabody. "You're a star pilot. I never saw a man come aboard my ship like that before!" and the

old sea-king rubbed his hands in glee, flung a belaying pin or two at the grunting seamen on whom Brown had effected a landing, and gave that gentleman's hand the grip of a polar bear. "Come down, old fellow, and have some punch."

During an hour more of peril and privation, while your humble servant, the writer, and Teddy managed to keep the yawl on top of the raging deep, the "Edward F." showed her duck-like qualities. Under her double-reefed foresail and peak-mainsail she wore round, climbed up and down a quarter of a mile of oceanic hills and valleys, and rounded to, head to wind, just clear of our tiny craft—brave Tom Phelan was at the helm—and a half an hour after as our little ocean home, all snug and seaworthy, weathered out the gale, her hard-worked crew demolished a dinner of boiled pork and potatoes. "Well," said Ted, with his first mouthful, "it's little I thought two hours ago, we'd ever be atin again!" A good many others had thought the same thing. That night the gale moderated. The "Neptune" hauled on a taut bowline for New York, and we followed suit, for now we were "manned," *i.e.*, all our pilots had been put on board inward bound vessels, and we had now to return to port. Staggering under a press of sail, we showed the old "Nep." a clean pair of heels, banged away at the western seas, and forty eight hours after poked our nose into Peck Slip, East River, N. Y., taut and trim, having ended another winter cruise in the cause of commerce.

Who will say after this recital that every pilot and every pilot-boat boy is not a hero, who dares and does more in the prosecution of his calling, and in the cause of humanity, than any brave man on the field of battle? Well may they—the pilots—claim the respect and sympathy of the community at large.

In this connection it will be of interest to the reader to give a short digest of the Pilots' History; their rates of pilotage; and a few incidents illustrative of the dangers and privations to which they are subjected.

The Sandy Hook pilots are divided into two companies. One hundred and thirty-one form what is called the New York Company; while the Jersey pilots, licensed by

the New Jersey Legislature, and under the same laws as those of New York, number forty-five. These one hundred and seventy-six men own and have in commission twenty-eight pilot boats, ranging between sixty and thirty tons burden. These craft, from the nature of their duties, must be built of the best materials, and they cost with a complete outfit from fifteen to twenty thousand dollars, each. The expense of keeping these boats in active service is necessarily considerable, and by the utmost economy it will average \$450 each for the wages of the crew, and supply of stores, besides ordinary repairs, more or less of which are required every trip, so, "instead of the profits of the pilots of New York being enormous, they are very small. In the most fortunate months, when free from severe accidents to boats, they will not exceed \$120 per man, averaging a yearly income of from \$1,200 to \$1,500—the salary of an ordinary clerk, free from their privations, hardships and perils. At times, they cannot divide more than \$50 per month, and it is not unfrequent that it is as low as \$30—starvation wages for a man with a family." On these accounts the rates of pilotage charged, though larger than those of other American ports, are not excessive. They are as follows: (the rates vary according to the draft of water a vessel draws.) Inward bound vessels pay from \$3.75 per foot up to \$6.50 per foot,—but very few ships ever draw more than 25 feet water, the majority averaging from 16 to 21. Upon being outward bound the rates vary between \$2.70 and \$4.75. Between the 1st of November and the 1st of April, the "winter months," the sum of four dollars is added to the full pilotage of every vessel coming in or going out of the port.

The perils incident to the pilot's profession are proverbial; out of one hundred and thirty pilots at twenty-five years of age, but two per cent, reach the age of sixty years; whereas of that number of the generality of men at the same period of life, sixty-one and a-half per cent. reach the age of sixty. This is easily accounted for as, besides the hardships and exposures to which pilots are subject, and which surely and swiftly undermine their health, numbers have been engulfed in the raging deep. Many of

their vessels have been cast ashore in hurricanes; others are missing; several have been destroyed in collisions; two were captured by pirates in the Great Rebellion; and with every casualty there has been more or less loss of life. The list of such terrible occurrences is mournfully large. Since 1853 no less than 23 pilot boats have been lost. Of these the "Sylph," "Washington, No. 2," and "Commerce," are missing with all hands. It is supposed they have been run down by steamers in thick weather. The "Geo. Steers, No. 6," Jersey, a very smart and seaworthy little craft, the pride of her pilots, was "manned," and returning to port in charge of her crew on February 12th, 1865, and was caught in a heavy E. N. E. gale off Barnegat Shoals, enveloped in snow and ice and went ashore that night. The boat went to pieces, and her crew, five all told, were drowned. A splendid monumental shaft in Greenwood Cemetery perpetuates their memory. The "E. K. Collins" went ashore on Fire Island, in the winter of 1865. It was on a dreadfully bitter night in January. The severity of the frost more than the roaring waves sealed the fate of four poor fellows. They froze to death! At the same time, a little further along the beach, the ship "Stingray" went to pieces, and Robert Mitchell, her pilot, was frozen to death at his post. Thirteen others shared his fate. These tragic events have been followed by others no less startling. Two boats, while cruising at sea, were captured and burned by the Confederate privateer, "Tallahassee." In 1867 the "Jacob A. Westervelt" was run down by the SS. "Saxonia," while speaking the latter. She was cut halt in two, and hung on the bow of the steamship until the latter backed out. She sank like a stone. One unfortunate pilot was drowned, while the balance of the crew were hauled up the steamer's bow by means of ropes. In March, 1871, the "Jones, No. 15," was beating about in a gale of wind, and enshrouded in thick snow squalls. In their midst she spoke the SS. "City of Washington," and was in the act of boarding her, when they collided. The pilot boat's crew were hauled over the steamer's bow, when the former sank in seven minutes. This is a record sufficiently tragic and mournful,

but it is rendered worse still when it is remembered that from the perilous nature of the pilot boats' service they cannot be insured for any moderate premium, and consequently the foregoing twenty-three losses were borne, in the majority of cases, by the surviving pilots.

The number of lives, vessels and cargoes already saved through their noble and determined exertions when far at sea, storm tossed and imperilled themselves, cannot readily be ascertained. The examination of any boat's log book will convince one that the dictates of humanity are not neglected, while at the same time a due regard is shown for the pecuniary profit resulting from wrecking or *towing into harbor* the disabled craft that are met with. In the same violent gale which cast the unlucky "Steers" on Jersey Beach and drowned her crew, was crippled the clipper brig "Elsie." The next morning she was rolling about helplessly in the heavy sea in danger of foundering, when the "Edward F. Williams" hove in sight and bore down to her rescue. The pilots immediately determined to save both vessel and crew, and, getting hold of a huge hawser from the brig, they shook out their reefs, drove through the angry waves, and actually towed the brig right up to New York from a long distance out at sea. For this praiseworthy action her owners were suitably rewarded. All the pilot boats from their build, having a long and deep heel, and tug boat's stem are able to tow to advantage, as they can also carry a tremendous press of sail. The tug men acknowledge the former will do more at towing in a heavy gale than they themselves.

The rescue of a steamer's crew by pilots from the "Isaac Webb, No. 8," thermometer below zero, is thus described in the pilot's own words:—"We were on station, that is, taking pilots out of the ships as they crossed the bar outward bound, and on the morning of the 6th of January, 1866, hove up our anchor in Gravesend Bay, and sailed down towards the Hook. It was bitter cold, the thermometer registering below zero, so that every drop of water that came aboard of us froze instantly. Observed the SS. 'Mary A. Boardman' ashore on Romer Shoal, with a signal of distress,

flying. Ran down to her and saw that she was a mass of ice, with the sea breaking over her, and that her crew were still on board. Hove to as close as possible, and got out a yawl, in which Capt. Seguire and Mr. Pilot Jones embarked. They had the utmost difficulty, however, in approaching the wreck, and from its dangerous position they were three hours in getting alongside. At this time they were white and stiff with ice,—in fact, encased in coats of mail,—while Capt. Seguire's toes were frostbitten. The first trip they managed to carry three perishing seamen to the tow-boat "Seth Low," and in three trips saved all those on board but a few who were taken off by a life-boat. The next morning the steamer had gone to pieces. In this hazardous attempt to save the lives of their fellow-creatures, these two pilots

were occupied for six hours, without a moment's respite, and they returned to their own boat exhausted. In consideration of their heroism, the Freemasons of New York presented them with a medal, and the city merchants raised a subscription on their behalf."

Other heroic acts could be dwelt upon; in fact a large volume might be filled with the exciting history of the New York and Jersey pilots for the last quarter of a century.

"To do and to dare," is their motto; and while New York maintains its supremacy as the Empire city of the United States, so long will she have reason to thank these pilots who have guided 93,050 vessels in and out in the last 15 years, but seven of which have been lost while in their charge.

"IT IS I: BE NOT AFRAID." (MARK, VI. 50).

BY JOHN READE.

Tossed by the ruthless sea,
Driven by the faithless storm,
A little bark right gallantly
Uphears its little form;
But in vain it breasts the wave,
With its puny wings outspread,
No human aid can save
That bark from a watery bed.

A sickness as of death
Seizes the little crew,
And each man holds his breath,—
Their moments must be few.
But lo! through the thickening gloom
A spectre seems to rise,
As from the hideous tomb
That yawns before their eyes.

Now clearer and more clear
That awful vision grows,
And the wild, shrill cry of fear
With the voice of the Tempest rose.
But words of love and peace
Are heard amid storm and dark
And Jesus brings release
To the little sinking bark.

So, oft on the sea of life,
When our little bark is tossed,
And amid dark passion's strife
Our every hope seems lost,
Jesus is standing near
To still each rising wave,
Our drooping hearts to cheer,
Our drowning souls to save.

VOICES FROM RAMAH; OR, RACHEL'S LAMENTATION.

BY E. H. NASH.

CHAPTER VII.

A short time previous to the events recorded in our first chapter, Antipater, one of the sons of Herod the Great, and who had been for a while in high favor with his father, had been suddenly disgraced in the eyes of the monarch and thrown into bonds. He was a designing man, and had done much to blind the king to the virtues, and parade before him the weaknesses, of his other children. Through his misrepresentations, Herod had been induced to turn against and put to death several members of the royal household, besides others of lesser importance. Though closely confined, yet he entertained hopes of being restored to his father's favor, and, finally, of succeeding him in the kingdom.

Meantime, Herod's illness increased and was likely to become a sickness unto death; and his bitterness against Antipater grew greater and greater, as his dark schemes of villany were, one after another, disclosed by those whose interest it was no longer to conceal them. So there seemed but little probability of the ambitious hopes which buoyed up the captive prince in his solitary cell ever being realized. He endeavored by bribery to obtain interviews with some of his accomplices in iniquity; but, word being brought to Herod, Antipater's chains were doubled.

Time passed away and the monarch still suffered on. All the medical skill of the day was exhausted, and yet his agonies increased.

A few weeks after the attempt made by Caleb Shelomi upon the life of the king, he became so much worse that his attendants were horrified at the sights they were obliged to witness; and his spirit, always so impatient, broke out in wild ravings and cursings frightful to hear. Sinful and unrepentant, he dared not look beyond the grave, and for time all hope had flown.

His sister Salome usually remained much by his side, and now she scarcely dared to leave him to seek the repose which exhausted nature required. And why? Plot after plot was being revealed. Every day the wrath of her brother spent itself upon some new victim; and she, knowing herself to have been very guilty in some important matters, feared lest another should gain his ear in her absence, and make known her many intrigues; and then, life-long favorite as she had been, well might she fear for her safety.

One day she left him for a short time and sought her own apartment to obtain a little rest. Scarcely was she stretched upon her couch, when a cry of terror, shrill and startling, rang along the corridors, penetrating even beyond the most remote rooms of the royal dwelling. Instantly she arose to her feet. Her first impulse was to flee somewhere for safety. Her guilt towards Mariamne, Herod's most beautiful and best beloved wife, rose to her mind. She remembered how she had poisoned her brother's spirit against that amiable Jewish Princess, and she trembled lest in some way all her guilt had been made known to him in his present state of irritability, which amounted almost to frenzy.

Salome endeavored to overcome her dread, and went towards Herod's apartment, yet with a trembling step. Again the cry was repeated, and rang louder through the building. This time she made sure of its import. "The King has attempted to take his life!" was shrieked by his attendants; and all who were permitted flocked eagerly to his chamber.

The alarm thus given, the cry was taken up, and, "The King is dead! The King has taken his life!" resounded in frightened accents through the place.

Salome found that Herod had indeed, in a moment of agony and temporary insanity,

attempted to stab himself. In an instant the pang had passed away, and all his dread of death returned again. But the report that he was dead went through the town, and even reached his wretched son, Antipater, in his prison-house.

From that hour Salome never left the king during the few days which remained to him on earth. She loved him, and yet in his fury she feared him. Her ears were open to catch the slightest whisper breathed in his presence, nor was her heart wholly at ease till the spirit of Herod had returned to Him who gave it.

When the report of his father's death reached Antipater, new hope swelled in his bosom. He felt himself already king of the fertile land of Judea, and could almost hear the rustling of his royal robes. He besought the keeper to loose his chains, promising him honors and a great reward. The jailer refused to comply with the prisoner's prayer, and sent word directly to the king of all Antipater had said. Herod was inflamed beyond all endurance, and in his rage sent forth the mandate, and his wicked son was put to death in his dungeon. Yes! the hand of the common executioner dealt the blow which Caleb Shelomi had hoped to strike.

At the hour of Antipater's execution, Ada and Ruth were seated on a piazza from which they could look away over the valley of sycamore trees to the westward of their dwelling. They were apparently absorbed in thought, and for some time neither spoke. Ruth's countenance wore an expression of cheerfulness but not gaiety. Her soul-lighted eyes were gazing out upon the beautiful works of her Creator. She was happy in their contemplation, as she had early learned to trace the Almighty's power and goodness in His every work. She mused, too, upon the future glory of her nation, the coming of its Deliverer; and sometimes her thoughts turned to the one she dearly loved, the one in whose keeping her happiness was to be placed, her betrothed husband, whom she believed to be far away on the deep waters. She no longer seemed the child we left a few short months ago at Jerusalem, under the kind care of Susanna. She had rapidly matured, or, as she

herself expressed it, had grown old beyond her years.

Ada, poor Ada! Oh! how changed was she since that momentous evening, before the hand of the destroyer was raised against her, when we first beheld her embracing her little son. During the weeks of anguish and delirium which followed the slaughter of her only child, her raven locks had been whitened as if the "snows of Lebanon" had fallen upon them. An unwonted fire now shone in her dark eyes, and they appeared more brilliant than in her days of happiness. The countenance spoke not so much of grief, though it told its sad tale too plainly, as of a thirst for revenge. The sisters were silent for some time; at length Ruth said,

"Ada, do you not think the Deliverer of our people, He for whose coming we are even now waiting, besides restoring the Kingdom to Israel, will, in some mysterious way, cause a light to shine upon the dark, dark future—the land beyond the shadow of death—the uncertain hereafter beyond the grave?"

"I cannot tell," replied Ada. "He will save us from oppression; our people shall know peace, and Israel shall dwell safely. He will root out foreign usurpers and pull down their houses. He will destroy the abominations which they have set up, and will build again the 'old waste places.' Will not this be a glorious restoration?"

"Glorious indeed! if it were *only* this," returned Ruth; "and yet I have learned to look for a light which shall pierce the gloom that shrouds the world where the departed dwell, where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest."

There was no answering look of interest in Ada's eyes as she listened to her sister's remarks, but in calm tones she replied,

"We know the glory of Israel shall be greater than ever before, and that Jerusalem shall be the joy of the whole earth. 'Tis all we need to know."

Ruth sighed. Her heart was full of great thoughts, but she had no congenial mind to pour them out before. Ada's soul was darkened, her heart was hard. The faint glimmering of light shed by the Rising Star in the distance, which

shone, though dimly, upon the teachable spirit of Ruth, found not its way through the night that surrounded her. The solemnity of her thoughts having been disturbed, Ruth turned the conversation to other things, and spoke of her stay at Jerusalem.

"Do you know, dear Ada," she said, "whenever I think of my visit there, the form of that venerable foreigner, to whom I alluded in my letter to you, haunts my memory. He was so like to some one I have seen. I *must* have seen one like him! It could not be merely fancy. Why, Ada, can you tell, should the sight of him take me home, in spirit?"

She looked up for an answer, but it came not. She had unwittingly touched a chord whose vibrations thrilled to the heart's-core of Ada, and for a moment she could not speak. Her eyes were strained to their utmost; her lips were parted, but she uttered no words.

Ruth thought it was the commencement of a fit, and sprang forward to assist Ada, but the latter motioned her away and faintly gasped, "It is nothing,—in a moment I shall be well."

She soon recovered, and nerved herself to ask for all the light which Ruth could throw upon the subject; and yet to seem so indifferent as not to arouse her sister's suspicions, or betray what she most desired should remain a profound secret.

"O, yes," she said, carelessly, "I recollect you made some mention of such a person. Pray what was there remarkable in his appearance?"

"His bearing was like the bearing of some person whom I have seen,—but when, or where, I am not able to say. I have seen as venerable-looking persons, and many foreigners, in the streets of Jerusalem; but the sight of him took me back to the days when our dear father used to caress me, and call me his darling Ruth. And oh," she continued, with increasing interest, "I do believe, now I speak to you of him, it was our father's best friend he so brought to my mind. Yes, it was the worthy Caleb Shelomi whom he so much resembled."

"I hardly understand why this person in the dress of a foreigner should call up the

image of the best friend of our house," said Ada. "In form and feature bore he any resemblance to the venerable Caleb?"

"It is so long since I last looked upon his features," said Ruth, passing her hand across her brow, as if trying to recollect them. "You know he had been absent in distant lands more than fifteen months at the time of your marriage, and now I find it impossible to recall them exactly to mind. But the more I muse upon the circumstances, the more I am disposed to think it was the dress which so particularly attracted my attention. I recollect, when I was about two years of age, that, on one occasion, when he came to our dwelling, he displayed to my father, in my presence, a very singular Eastern costume which he had worn in his travels. The mantle, which he flung over his shoulders in a careless manner, particularly struck my childish fancy. 'Twas the dress more than the man."

"I know no one," said Ada, "who could better personate a foreigner than our worthy friend. Though a Jew by birth and in heart, yet much of his life, even from his infancy, has been passed abroad; and he speaks many other languages as readily as the Hebrew tongue. But what motive could possibly have induced him to assume such a disguise in Syria?"

"What indeed?" said Ruth. "But how is this, Ada; from his *infancy*, say you, he has lived much abroad? I knew not of this. Dwelt not his father in Beth-Arbo the Upper?"

"Not so," replied Ada. "His father was also a physician, and passed most of his life in foreign lands; and though our friend Caleb was born in the country which God gave to Israel, yet in his infancy his parents removed with him to the banks of the Euphrates, where his father, Elhanan, had resided for many years at an earlier period of his life. These facts I gathered from our dear mother, years ago."

Both were silent a moment, then Ada resumed: "I know our friend is even now absent on a journey. He told our brother Jehoram many months might elapse ere he again visited Cana. He *should* have been far away before then; but if still in Syria, why in disguise?"

"It could not have been Caleb," said Ruth, decidedly. "You are assured he left the country weeks before I saw this venerable stranger?"

Ada was by no means convinced. She feared more than ever, yet was pleased that Ruth failed to have any suspicions of the secret which weighed upon her own heart. Warily she proceeded with her questionings.

"The late attempt upon the King's life you, of course, heard much talked of in Jerusalem. Was it supposed that this foreign physician, or wise man, was the person who made the attempt and lost his own life?" she said, with forced composure.

"I do not know," returned Ruth. "The particulars were not related to me. It was but one of many which have been made in the last few years; and it is said, lest Herod's unpopularity should the more rapidly spread among the people, the royal household have been enjoined never to speak in an idle, speculative manner of such attempts. Perhaps, were it to be noised much abroad that an adventurer had gained access to, and almost deprived of life the King of Judea, others, among his many enemies, would be found daring enough to undertake the like enterprise, with, perhaps, better success."

"God grant there may!" said Ada, with deep emotion.

"Let us leave him in the hands of the Lord," answered Ruth. And thus the conversation closed.

Ada pondered long upon her sister's words, yet she could not quite give up her hope. There was a possibility, she thought, that Caleb having heard of the attempt and failure, had for a time turned his steps in some other direction until the present excitement should have passed away. She knew he had in his possession gold enough to sustain him a long time, and nothing had been said of money found upon the person who was forced to swallow the poisoned drugs in the presence of Herod.

Ah! that gold! The captain of the band who watched over the old physician in his last moment, and one of the soldiers, could have told a tale of that gold—a tale of a leathern girdle hastily secreted, of the sub-

sequent division of the prize, and of promises not to betray each other.

CHAPTER VIII.

The day wore on, and the shades of evening were deepening around them, ere the sisters left the piazza. They had just retired to their separate apartments for the night, when the sound of a horse's hoofs on the path that led from the highway to their dwelling, struck on their ears. It was an unusual sound to hear at that hour, and they both descended and met in one of the lower rooms. Ada entered the hall first, but stepped back a moment, as the tall, commanding form of a stranger met her gaze. As he was about to speak, Ruth came forward with an expression of curiosity on her lovely countenance. She gave one glance at the stranger, then, uttering a cry of joy and surprise, hastened forward to meet his embrace.

"Tis Jesse, my betrothed," she said to Ada, who had never before seen him.

"Tell me, how is this?" she exclaimed, turning again to him. "I thought you were sailing far away on the deep blue waters."

"So I was, dear Ruth," he answered; "but a great storm arose, our vessel was sadly shattered; and after many attempts to stem the waves in an unsafe ship, the master returned to port. Within the last few days we came into Joppa, and weeks will elapse before our craft is again seaworthy. I am come first to you; afterwards I shall go to the home of my widowed mother and young brother."

Jesse had heard Ada's sad story from her sister, and he bent upon her a look of the deepest interest and commiseration as she led the way to an inner apartment.

Some time passed in pleasant conversation in which the bereaved widow bore her part with ease and grace. Just as she was about to withdraw, the visitor remarked upon the important events of that day, and their probable bearing upon the future of the Jewish nation.

"All Jerusalem is moved," he said, "by the news which reached the city a few minutes before I arrived there."

"What news?" enquired Ruth.

"That Antipater, the most to be dreaded of all the King's sons, is no more," he returned.

Ada had risen, but, on hearing these words, replaced the lamp which she had taken from a stand, and prepared, her whole countenance glowing with excitement, to hear all.

"It is well known," continued Jesse, "that the health of the King is failing rapidly, and there is positively no hope of his recovery. He is said to be half insane in his agonies, and, at times, is so irritable that his most favored attendants fear his wrath continually. Word was this day carried to Herod of Antipater's attempt to bribe his jailer to give him liberty. He was greatly incensed, and in his rage and fury sent forth the order, and his wretched son was put to death in his prison. None will mourn, for all men hated the son even as the father. From the other heirs, let us hope our nation will feel the rod of oppression less heavily."

He spoke with animation, for he was a Jew, and his proud spirit had been full often humbled in the contemplation of the lowly condition to which Israel was reduced. He had drunk in the spirit of the times, and believed that an important era was at hand for his people. He even thought he could trace in this event the arm of the All-Powerful removing the offenders out of the way, and preparing for him who should rule the Lord's inheritance in righteousness.

Silence reigned in the room a moment after he ceased speaking. It was broken by an almost demoniac laugh from Ada, a laugh twice repeated, and followed by words of triumphant joy, and a reiteration of her bitter curses.

"Aha! Aha! has it come so soon!" she exclaimed, her dark eyes flashing forth the hatred which she harbored towards the house of Herod. "I believed it would not tarry, that the God of the oppressed had heard my cry; the prayer of the bereaved and broken-hearted, for revenge! And has it not come! The father's mandate has gone forth, and the son is slaughtered; even he who hoped to lord it over the tribes of Jacob! Blessed be the God of our fathers who has regarded my cry! May the

miseries of Herod be increased till he dies; may no eye weep for the tyrant in his death, and may a curse follow his house forever!"

In a frenzy she shrieked these words. She stood a moment, her slight form bending to and fro like a reed bowing to the blast, and then fell heavily forward in terrible convulsions.

"My poor stricken sister," said Ruth, as she placed a cushion under Ada's head. "See what the cruel tyrant has wrought; see what a wreck is here. Many mothers were made sorrowful, but poor Ada lost her all. Her son was the last of his father's house.

"Jesse," she continued, laying her delicate hand on his manly arm, and pointing to her prostrate sister. "Jesse, behold my charge, my life-long care."

"Say rather, *our* life-long care," he replied in solemn accents. "Mine be the arm, dear Ruth, to support you in the path of duty. Where we abide shall she abide, and in our dwelling shall be her home."

And there, before that unconscious being, they vowed never to desert her, never to leave her to the care of menials, but to soothe, comfort, and sympathize with her who had been thus smitten by the fell shaft of tyranny. The betrothed ones had much to say, but the time which Jesse could devote to his beloved one was short, until after he had visited the home of his fathers. This was situated a few leagues to the north-west of Jerusalem, and thither, early on the following morning, he bent his way.

When Ada bade him farewell, she appeared as calm and collected as if nothing unusual had occurred on the previous evening, and indeed she was not conscious of the terrible nature of the fits to which she was subject. A lassitude commonly followed them, and she was disposed to remain quiet, or to sleep for several hours after each attack. Jesse, who had never before witnessed any thing of the sort, was much surprised when she descended in the morning, to perceive that she seemed as well as at the hour of his arrival, and that she conversed with the same quiet composure on all ordinary subjects as she had done before the horrible distortion of her frame, to which he had, of necessity, been a witness.

GRAIGSE LEA AND ITS PEOPLE.

CHAPTER IV.

GOING OUT INTO THE DARKNESS.

Alfred Hamilton had sinned against light and love. In the midst of warning and example, the light of intellect and the light of the Gospel, he had yielded to the tempter. He had trampled on his conscience; he had broken a vow solemnly made to the dying; he had laid in the dust the glorious powers of intellect and influence that God had given to him. We who knew and loved him watched his progress, his downward progress, sadly; yet hoping that that noble mind would yet awake from its thralldom, and by his sins and sufferings prove the most unrelenting foe of his destroyer, the most earnest pleader with its victims. When we lost sight of him for months, a year together—sometimes more—we hoped and believed that in honor and fame we would next hear his name; but alas!

We have not attempted to picture—for our pen was not equal to the task, our mind shrank from it—the wretchedness, the despair, the horror of Alfred Hamilton during the years, one, two, three, of homeless wandering through our principal cities. Now we get a glimpse of him as a penny-a-liner to a low daily in Liverpool; again he has got law copying to do; again he finds occupation as a tutor to be dismissed in a week; but more frequently still he does nothing. Now in a low lodging-house, anon in an attic where the winds whistle wild mournful dirges, we find him; and his daughter, noble, pure, self-sacrificing, is still ever by his side. She has gone to the gin palace, and, unmoved by the rude, astonished glances of its drunken, brutish frequenters, who yet felt awestruck by the majesty of innocence, has led her unresisting father home. She has sought him through the wind and rain till she found him where a hard grasping publican, having robbed him of money and of reason, has turned him, to perish if he will. She has, when *delirium tremens* had

hold of its victim, cowered in a corner, turning from the fearful sight. She has gone to bed supperless, cold; her father drinking the money she has so sadly earned. But haste we to the closing scene, over which we would gladly draw a veil.

Maude sat by the little window with its cracked and broken panes, putting the last stitches in a piece of rich embroidery, an infant's christening robe. Strangely out of keeping did it look, so delicate and fairy-looking in its intricate mazes of embroidery, that could have told tales had they chosen, and the pale, worn looking girl-face in the close-fitting calico dress that bent over it.

Two nights that week she had watched her father in his madness, his drunken madness, when the horrors of hell seemed to stand before him, and recklessly he had demanded rum to banish the fearful vision. That day he had lain in bed. He had refused to taste the food she had carried to him, refused to speak. She was not surprised at this; she knew the fearful excitement, frenzy, of the last few days must have a fearful reaction. They were at present the inmates of a lodging-house in Candle-makers' Row. Hearing his unsteady, shuffling step coming along the passage, she rose and set a chair for him by the fire. He tottered as if he had been an old man, and shivered as he crouched over the little fire. He had bitterly railed at his friends for forgetting him now that he was poor and degraded, but even his most intimate might plead his altered appearance as an excuse. A bloated cherry-colored face, blue, swollen lips, a watery, clouded eye, a stooped figure, a shuffling gait, tottering limbs and shaking fingers, who would recognize in these the noble looking gentlemanly face and figure of his early manhood.

"Bring me pen, ink and paper," he asked in a quivering, hollow voice, and Maude went down stairs to borrow an ink bottle; she had a sheet or two of paper and a pen.

Pushing the table up to the window, he commenced with palsied hand to write. A few lines were all he wrote, but it was long ere he could finish them. Folding the paper up he told Maude to address and seal it. She did so, and at his dictation addressed it to Dr. ———

Maude having now finished her wearisome task folded it carefully up, and put on her well-preserved shawl and bonnet.

"I want you to take this note to Dr.——," he said.

"Very well," Maude answered. "Will I make you some tea before I go?"

"No; —but stay, you're not going yet; come and say good bye to me."

With the ready tears springing to her eyes, she went forward and kissed him, and said as she did so, noticing a wild gleam in his eye, with a fearful foreboding, "I won't belong away."

"God watch over you, darling; you have been a blessing to me," the unhappy man murmured, covering his face with his hands. For a moment Maude was undecided whether it were best to leave him or not, but she had seen him so frequently before and she needed the money for the embroidery, so, with a loving, soothing caress, she left him and glided out into the street.

After she left him, he sat for a long time in the same position, thinking, oh! such maddening thoughts of what he was, of what he had been, of what he might have been. He thought of the gentle, loving wife with whom he had gone forth to fight the world's battle, and her loving presence seemed to be even by him now, pleading with him even yet. He thought of his second, the beautiful girl-bride, who had died ere she had reached womanhood in an Asylum. He thought of opportunities lost, blessings slighted, temptations yielded to. The tempter whispered that his day of grace was past, no hope in this world, none for the next. He whispered, — but let us pass on.

The house to which the note directed Maude was on the extreme north side of the city. She had great difficulty in finding the direction indicated, and unaccustomed to walking, her weary feet lagged sadly coming home. A noisy company

filled the common sitting-room of the lodging-house. Fearful of being noticed she glided past the open door up the uneven stairway, feeling more than seeing her way, for the lamp that usually burnt was extinguished. She reached the door of their room and found it locked. Her father must have gone out and taken the key with him. Sick and weary, she sank on the stairway, hearing but paying no attention to the fact that a carriage, a most unusual occurrence, had stopped below. Her father's name pronounced in eager, questioning tones, aroused her. She sprang to her feet as the obsequious landlady came up the stairs with a light in her hand, followed by a grave, middle-aged man of very respectable exterior.

"Bless me! Laws, miss, is this you? You scared me," ejaculated the landlady as the light fell on the pale face and attenuated figure of Maude.

"There's a gen'leman asking for your father, miss. This is Miss Hamilton."

"Where's your father, my poor girl?" quickly yet gently asked the stranger, interrupting the landlady's explanations.

"I do not know, sir; I think he must be out. The door is locked."

Taking the light from the landlady's hand in a moment the doctor applied it to the key hole. A strange expression passed over his face, but he made no remark.

"Come down stairs, child," he said, leading the way with a strange quivering in his voice. Utterly worn out by watching and weariness, Maude passively followed. The stranger looked at her heavy eyes and weary steps, and whispered to the landlady, putting a piece of silver into her hand. She took Maude into her own room and insisted that she should go to bed. Her father would not be back till late, and any way she'd tell him. Maude submitted, — indeed she could do nothing else; a moment or two more and a blessed sleep banished weariness and misery.

The doctor had driven away and returned in about ten minutes with another gentleman and a police officer. Together they ascended the stair, and after some difficulty forced the door open. The crowd of lodgers who followed on their heel were shut out, but not before the truth was

known and repeated with a hundred variations from lip to lip.

Alfred Hamilton was dead ! He had committed suicide by cutting his throat. An empty bottle stood on the table and by its side a letter addressed to his daughter.

The note which she had carried to Dr. Ainslie, an old college chum, and subsequent friend of Alfred Hamilton, besought him, for the sake of that friendship, to be a friend to his daughter, left alone and unprotected in a city. It hinted at his intention but too plainly, and in the hope that he might be in time to prevent its accomplishment, the kind-hearted doctor had hurried to the address mentioned in the note.

He glanced into the room where Maude lay in a profound dreamless slumber, and a tear filled his eye.

"It is well; she will bear it better when she wakes. Poor, poor girl!" Then turning to the landlady, who sobbed and sniffed! "She will sleep till morning at any rate, if she is not disturbed; I will be here myself ere that, and will break the news to her."

The landlady courtesied, and the doctor and his friend departed, sadly, to talk of the fall and fearful end of their whilom friend and companion.

CHAPTER V.

AN OLD FRIEND.

Grahame Drummond glanced over the morning papers in his chambers.

A short paragraph arrested his attention; it ran thus:—

"The inmates of Mrs. ——'s lodging-house, Candlemakers' Row, were thrown into a state of great excitement by the discovery, at a late hour last night, of the suicide of a fellow lodger. Dr. —— and Mr. ——, who called to see the deceased, found the unhappy man with his throat cut. Literary readers will well remember the name of Alfred Hamilton. Intemperance is said to have been the cause of his fall and fearful end. War hath slain its thousands and intemperance its tens of thousands."

An exclamation of horror burst from Grahame's lips as he read this. Springing from his desk he procured his cap, and, greatly excited, hurried off to Mrs. ——'s. He had lost sight for eighteen months of his friends al-

together, and now to make the discovery! A crowd of curious, talkative men and women and boys gathered in groups around Mrs. ——'s door, would have indicated to him, if nothing else had, the scene of the tragedy. His entrance gave new food to their gossip, and they crowded round the door to catch if possible his errand.

"Is Miss Hamilton here?" he asked eagerly of the landlady, who, with grave face and great access of dignity, bustled about.

"Na, she's no here," she cautiously replied.

"Where is she then?" Grahame impetuously asked.

"I dinna ken. Dr. Ainslie took her awa this morning. He telt her about her father, and she fainted clean awa, and before she was out o' the faint he put her in the carriage and took her off. Ye'll be a friend of the family?"

"Yes," Grahame abstractedly said, relieved in finding Maude had not been so desolate in her sorrow as he had feared.

"The cor'ner's quest's at twelve o'clock" continued the landlady, proceeding to give a detailed account of all she knew or suspected to an interested listener.

"Where's his son, Mr. Hamilton's son?" asked Grahame, recollecting that Robert's name had not been once mentioned.

"I dinna ken? I didna ken he had a son."

"I will go and see about it," and Grahame turned away, directing his steps to the Doctor's house. He had once met him at dinner, and he hoped to excuse himself for the intrusion by pleading his acquaintance with and interest in the family.

The Doctor kindly remembered having met Mr. Drummond before, but keenly scrutinized his visitor when he spoke of the purpose of his visit: to see if he could render any assistance to the afflicted family.

"You say you have been long and rather intimately acquainted with Mr. Hamilton and his children; has that acquaintance extended down to the present time?" the Doctor asked.

"No; for eighteen months I have seen and heard nothing of them. Mr. Hamilton so frequently changed his residence that

I could not keep him in sight. The first intimation I had of his being in the city again, was the announcement of the melancholy event in the *Daily*."

"Do you know anything of his son?"

"Not at present. He went to the Highlands as tutor in a Mr. ——'s family, about two years ago. Since then I have heard nothing of him. Can Miss Hamilton give no information? How has she borne this?"

"Poor child!" The Doctor's voice evidently softened. "She must have suffered fearfully to be so reduced, so changed as she is. She has been delirious since I broke the news to her, though I did so as gently as possible. She will be unable to give us any information as to her brother's whereabouts for many days to come, if indeed she ever will be."

"You do not fear for her life," Grahame hoarsely asked, his heart standing still with fear.

"She has youth on her side," the Doctor said, gravely and doubtfully; "but she has no constitution to resist the disease. Still I do not despair, nor yet do I hope much."

"Shouldsherecover," continued the Doctor, seeing that Grahame did not answer him, "I think that it will be best that she should have no recollection of the horror of these days. It is a sad, painful event. That man had talents which might have won for him a world-wide reputation had he put them to their proper use."

"I will write to the ——'s. I am acquainted with them, and try to find Robert Hamilton's address, that if possible he may come; though I do not know it would do any good," Grahame said sadly, as he took his cap.

"Well, it is no more than duty to give him an opportunity," the Doctor said; "I shall be obliged to you to do so. We shall be happy to have you call again, Mr. Drummond. I wish you a good morning, sir."

"Good morning," Grahame answered, and with a dull, heavy, leaden pain at his heart, returned to his chambers. He upbraided himself that he had not more determinedly kept Mr. Hamilton in view; that he had not tried to relieve Maude of a burden which was too heavy for her. If he had not been so sensitive he would have

done so, but Maude had been so chilling so shrinking in her manner towards him that he had feared to intrude upon her. Now he thought he could understand it. It was the reserve of a proud, highminded girl, who, feeling most sensitively the difference in their positions, shrank from even the appearance of seeking his friendship. Why had he not seen it in this light before? And now if she should die!—the thought was madness. It was as if with her the whole sunshine of his life should go out.

He wrote to Arnolds, and received for answer that about a year before Robert had been invited by a gentleman, a visitor at their house, to return with him to Canada, the gentleman promising to forward his interests to the best of his ability. Robert had accepted the offer gladly, and a letter they had received but a week or two before seemed written in very high spirits. He had procured a responsible situation in a Government office, and he spoke very hopefully of his future prospects. Ere this letter reached Grahame, he had followed, with Dr. —— and Mr. ——, the poor suicide to his unhonored grave. Maude, under the kindness and care of the Doctor and his wife, who had no children of their own, was slowly recovering. The Doctor described her agony at her father's fearful end as most agonizing. It seemed to prey incessantly upon her mind, but he hoped that change of scene and air would somewhat restore her. He proposed travelling in England for a few weeks, and should take her with him. He also expressed his intention to treat her in every respect as if she were his own daughter.

Ere they went away, however, Grahame was permitted to see Maude. The Doctor had not been unconscious of his great interest in his ward, and felt very much gratified at observing it. Grahame Drummond was now known as one of the most promising lawyers in Edinburgh. In several very important cases he had shown so much acuteness, tact, and perseverance; had displayed so much learning and eloquence in his pleadings, that several had not hesitated in predicting for him a seat on the bench ere many years should pass. The Doctor's wife, a fine fresh, ruddy, matronly lady, was on the *qui vive* in reference to the affair. She

had no doubt but that Maude reciprocated the interest of the young lawyer; her blushes and embarrassment were, she thought, sufficient proof of that. Maude and Grahame were blessedly unconscious of the hours Mrs. Dr.—— lay awake planning a romantic meeting for the young lovers, as she deemed them now; her disappointment when it came about in the most matter-of-fact way possible. It was the first day Maude had been down stairs; the little family, of whom Maude seemed a member, sat at dinner, when, to the delight of the Doctor, who had invited him to come, the confusion of Maude, and the annoyance of the fair hostess, a new servant fresh from Erin ushered Grahame into their midst. The Doctor, who understood his wife's sentimental turn of mind, was greatly amused in watching her attempts to conceal her chagrin and be herself—hospitable. There was no thought of mirth in the hearts of either Maude or Grahame. The sight of a friend of the olden time brought her recent sorrow too vividly before her, and it was with difficulty she controlled herself sufficiently to return his respectful, sympathetic salutation.

By particular request he joined them at dinner, and the hostess soon forgot the discomfort of her plans in admiration of her handsome guest; the low, subdued tones of whose voice as he talked pleasantly on indifferent subjects, showed that he never for a moment forgot Miss Hamilton and her sorrow. The Doctor was called away just as they rose from the table, and the hostess, ensconcing her daughter, as she called Maude, in a comfortable easy-chair, begged to be excused for a little while. And Grahame and Maude were alone. In imagination he had rehearsed this interview frequently. He would tell her how much he had sympathized with her in her trial, how he had longed to comfort her, and that would open the way for the rest; but now that it had really come, the painful embarrassment they had felt once before in Mrs. Nora Russel's drawing-room came over them both; and, as then, Maude was the first to break the ice. Her thoughts had gone back to that night, from it to the fair and gentle hostess of whose fate she had a dim foreshadowing that night, and

she asked, not without dread of touching a sore, "Where is Mrs. Russel?"

"We do not know," Grahame said, sadly. "In a hasty hour, Arthur left her and went to London. There his own friends, who you may have heard are quite wealthy, although for a time they were reduced, gladly lent him a helping hand, which they had vowed never to do so long as he remained with the wife who had ruined him. They sent for his children. They are the only grandchildren his father has, so there is no doubt but they will be well cared for. Arthur, now that he is in some measure restored to his old position, is regaining confidence in himself, which through those long, weary, sinking years he had almost lost. He came to Scotland again about two months ago, determined to trace his wife if she were still alive; but he was unable to find the slightest clue to her. As you well know, removals are so frequent in those quarters of the city where he last resided, that a year is sufficient to obliterate the name and fate of any occupant. There were none in the court remembered a woman answering to her description, and, though very reluctantly, we are compelled to believe that death must at last have put an end to her sorrows and temptations. Poor Nora!"

Maude wept at the probable fate of her friend, dying perchance alone, uncared for. The recital had recalled too many bitter memories. Grahame allowed her to weep in silence for a time.

"How strange," he at length said, "that both you and she, though from such different causes, should have to pass through such a fierce ordeal of poverty, neglect, and suffering!"

"It must have been for the best in my case, but for poor papa!" the tears burst afresh. "I should not regret it. I should never else understand the sorrows of the poor, the fearful evils of intemperance. I might have lived a selfish, aimless life. Now, should I be spared, my father's fate has consecrated me to the work of trying to save others from the pit into which he has fallen. I will not now fear to enter the lowest haunts of poverty and vice, for I have been familiar with them, and I hope that

their inmates will lend a more willing ear to one who has tasted of their bitter woes."

Maude's pale face flushed with earnest resolve; her dark violet eyes were lit with a holy light, and the words of earthly passion that trembled on Grahame's lips died without being uttered. He felt as if a great gulf which he could not pass over stood between him and Maude.

"When my mother died, she gave her children into my charge to be a mother to them, to try to fill her place as far as I could to my father. I tried to do so, and yet I cannot but think now that if I had been more earnest, more prayerful, more watchful, this would not have happened. Robert is provided for, and if he escapes the temptations, the rocks on which his father has been wrecked, is on the highway of success for this life. Hughie was taken by mamma's friends ere yet we had lost our position, and will be carefully brought up by them. I have no fears for him. While any of them needed me, my first duty would have been to them; but now without scruple I can devote myself to the work for which I believe I had to pass through the baptism of fire."

"But might you not in some other way than that I understand you to meditate, exercise a wider sphere of influence and do as much good without relinquishing your hopes of happiness, sacrificing yourself?"

"I shall be happy trying to save others. There are no home affections to sunder, no hearts to plead against my decision. I believe that it is the life-work to which I am called."

"Maude, Miss Hamilton, listen to me. You cannot but know what I am going to say—that your decision, if carried out, will affect me most closely. You must have known, or at least suspected, that for years I have loved you; aye, since the time when you were my confidante in all my boyish troubles. You have been, even when I could not tell where you were, when you passed me as if I had been a stranger on the street, the goal to which I ever looked; your love has ever been the prize which I hoped would reward me for all my struggles and toil. The thought of you has cheered me when weary and lonely, has made me trim a new

the midnight lamp when ease would bid me seek repose. The desire of being worthy of your love has made me noble, self-sacrificing—has been my guardian angel, saving me from the temptations which beset a young man's way in a city. Whatever is pure, heavenly, untainted with earth's dross in my nature, I owe to you. While your father claimed you, I knew you too well to approach you with my love; I was content to wait. When you lay trembling between death and life, I prayed that fame, honor, wealth, position, might be taken from me if you were but left; but why speak of all this? Knowing it, have you so resolved? Hearing it, will you not relent? It cannot be duty that would inflict lifelong misery on another."

To a casual observer Maude was calm, even cold; but Grahame knew by the strange shadow in her eyes, the quivering of her mobile lips, that the scene was very trying to her. She paused a moment to steady her voice, ere she replied,

"I had hoped to be spared this, Grahame, therefore I spoke so frankly to you. Let me say again, my decision has been made in full view of the consequences."

"And am I to have no reason for this? I cannot believe that it is merely a sense of duty, for your home affections are sufficiently strong to teach you that a woman finds the most fitting development of her powers at home. By the suffering you are causing me, I ask you to be perfectly frank with me. Surely I have a right to expect that you should be so."

"Mr. Drummond, I am unable at present to do justice to myself or you. I cannot tell you," the lips quivered and a soft light filled her eye, "how much I thank you for the love you have so generously proffered me. Still, let my first answer be final. You will appreciate the motives which have actuated me in this some other time. We are to go away on Monday. I will write you before that, and explain more fully than I am able to do at present, my decision—the why and the wherefore of it."

Mrs. Ainslie came into the room (they had not noticed how long she had been absent) in a flutter of pleasant anticipations. Match-making was one of her

specialties, and she already saw in perspective a bridal trousseau and elegant *dejeuner*. She had resolved that Maude should be married just as she would have her own daughter married, had Heaven been pleased to grant her one.

Imagine, therefore, her dismay at encountering, instead of the blushing, happy faces that she had been picturing, Grahame with stern, sad face just leaving the room. "You must excuse me, Mrs. Ainslie. An engagement forbids my longer stay. I wish you good evening, ma'am." And ere she had recovered herself he was gone. She advanced to the fire to find Maude sitting where she had placed her, gazing, with a sad, resolute face into the fire, the tears stealing silently down her cheeks. Mrs. Ainslie felt there was something that she could not understand. What could it be? But curiosity was forgotten in sympathy, and without appearing to notice Maude's tears, she chatted gaily to rouse her, and banish her trouble. The tea which was shortly brought in was untasted by the invalid, and, with that quick tact with which some women seem gifted, Mrs. Ainslie felt that it would be mistaken kindness to press her to eat. She saw that it was best to let her alone, and she did so.

Shortly after tea, Mrs. Ainslie led her unresistingly to bed; she wanted her to be out of the way of the Doctor's good-humored railery,—she saw she could not bear it to-night. Unable to resist the promptings of sympathy—it is so much harder to leave those you love when they are in trouble than to weep with them—she bent over the pale face and kissed the noble-looking forehead.

"My poor dear child," she murmured. The carress and the words, so unusual to Maude, who since her mother's death had been taking care of others, opened the fountain of tears, and swept away like a spring torrent all pride and self-control. She turned her face to the wall and burst into an uncontrollable fit of weeping. Mrs. Ainslie was alarmed and yet relieved. Since she had recovered her senses, she had been so quiet, so patient, so undemonstrative, that she had puzzled her kind hostess not a little. The large dark eyes were so full of sorrow, and yet the outward signs of

it were so carefully repressed, that, knowing in her own experience the blessing of tears, she was glad to see them flow so freely and plentiful.

Grahame waited with ill-subdued impatience for the promised note. It did not come till Monday morning, till he knew they must, according to intention, have left the city. It ran thus:—

"I almost regret the promise I made to give further explanations, but I will not now withdraw it. I will be perfectly frank with you. Had I been your equal in station and position, with no dishonor attached to my name, and you had addressed me as you did on Wednesday night, I should have been proud, honored by your love, and gratefully, yet feeling that I could never deserve it, return it. Were you poor, unknown, friendless I should deem it my greatest honor, as happiness, to strew flowers in your path. But as neither of these supposed cases exists,—as you are descended of a noble family proud of its lineage; as you have, I am told, wealth, honor, friends; talents and nobility I know you have; as my name linked with yours would but bring reproach on your spotless escutcheon; as I, though you may not feel so now, am not really necessary to your happiness,—I will not take advantage of the noble generosity that would trample on conventionalism. You have forgotten now in your pity that I am, that I should say it! a drunkard's child, and something more,—that I am poor in the most literal sense of the word; that I have for years been banished from the circles in which you move, and would but feel like an intruder there. More than this, I believe that I have a place in the world, and that it is among the poor, the degraded. My soul is moved within me as I think of the hundreds, aye, the thousands, who are blindly going to ruin, the victims of drink. I should be but a drag on your upward career. I speak dispassionately. You will feel so too by and by. Let me fulfil my humble ministry. My hands have been accustomed to toil. It will be a pleasure to me; and if I shall be the means of saving even one from your father's, my father's, Mrs. Russel's fate, I shall not have lived in vain.

Your friend,

"MAUDE HAMILTON."

Grahame saw but one thing in this letter: she refused him; not because she did not love him; had he been poor she would have returned his love. He sat down and wrote,—

"Because I am highborn, wealthy and respectable, I am to be miserable. Because these are worthless to me and I crave of life but one boon, my judgment, my prudence,

is doubted and the boon denied. Maude, have you not read, do you not feel, that love reaches its acme when it stoops to receive instead of to give? Do you really for one moment think that your influence will be greater, your opportunities for doing good more, when you are poor, unknown, than when in a position where you can influence for good a large circle, save those who have not yet been lost from ruin. Religion, duty, plead with love for me. Place yourself in my place and do unto others as ye would. I shall meet you at Bath and there plead my own cause, till then

"Yours,

"GRAHAME DRUMMOND."

The Judge had once said, "There was no resisting Grahame Drummond when he was roused; he would make you believe against your will." He was thoroughly roused now, and well he succeeded.

It was no wonder if Maude was overcome when twelve gentlemen of the jury would yield.

CHAPTER VI.

REUNITED.

"The longest lane must have a turning."

—*Old Proverb.*

In the year of grace, 1860, Grahame Drummond having prospered in his profession beyond even his fondest expectations, the lawyer who had first taken him under his wing, so to speak, retired to a country seat with W. S. affixed to his name. It was rumored, though of course we are not answerable for town talk, that his bride had another more tangible portion than her beauty. Certain it is that Dr. Ainslie always said he would treat her as if she were his own child, and he did thrust something into Grahame's hand as he was getting into the travelling carriage that was to bear himself and bride to —; and the good, jovial Doctor, it was said, brushed something, perhaps it was the dew, from his eyes, as he whispered,

"She is the only daughter I ever had. Hush! not a word."

Anyway, Grahame has been, is prospering, and in the year of grace, 1860, as we commenced our chapter with, when sick of confusion and heat of the city, eyes and hearts longed for green fields and dased meadows, Grahame, seeing Graigse Lea advertised for hire, its present owner being

abroad, he after some consultation with his father, as Dr. Ainslie insisted on being called, hired it for the summer months. And thither they went, Dr. Ainslie and his wife and Maude, joined occasionally for a day or two by Grahame and Arthur Russel, who, while loving to visit the quaint old house with its sunny memories, always sought to be alone when he came. Nora was then to him ever by his side, with her golden hair and sunny eyes, and loving smiles and caresses. The dark dreariness of woe and degradation of after days was forgotten and forgiven. Her memory was ever present to three hearts: her husband's, her cousin's, and Maude's. How they yearned to know her fate! How Maude emulated the gifts and graces which had made her residence at Graigse Lea a golden epoch to the surrounding poor. Her husband's, Grahame's, and Maude's search, offered rewards, had been unavailing. Her name and fate seemed to have been lost in the roaring, surging torrent of Glasgow life. "Her virtues were written in brass by the tender hearts at Graigse Lea, her faults in water."

Maude had not been long in her beautiful summer residence ere she visited the school where her father had so long taught, where she herself had learned life's first hard lessons. A new department, an infant school, had been added, but Maude felt little inclination to visit it. She had heard the mistress alluded to as a sad, quiet lady, Mrs. Avon by name. She had noticed her steal in in plain black habiliments, into a corner pew in the Weston church, and further than that had thought nothing of her. She was supposed to be a widow, associated with no one, was very much beloved by the children, loved to ramble in the early morning and in the twilight hours in the romantic woods, with their lovely falls that surround Graigse Lea, though it was noticed that after its occupation she denied herself this recreation, never venturing out at all.

She boarded, *mirabile dictu*, with Dr. Ferigus. By what means she had ingratiated herself into the favor of that gentleman's mother, was a nine days' wonder to Weston people. Some went so far as to affirm that she certainly must be a Hungarian or Italian exile's wife, or even Rose Madia. To what

lesser person would that high-voiced, dictative lady, so scrupulous as to her associates, open her door? That she certainly did, and her heart, too, and though she sometimes scolded even her from mere habit, when she had finished directing the Doctor about the manner of putting on his new flannel shirt, the number of grains of oats he should give his Shetland pony, and the patients he should visit—still it was said that they got along very comfortably together. The reason might be found in the fact that the quiet little schoolma'am never contradicted the good lady on her favorite topics, and looked most humble when receiving a reproof.

One Saturday evening, Grahame and Arthur alighted from the "Queen of Beauty" at the "Weston Arms," which had changed very little in outward appearance since first we saw it. Sauntering leisurely along the street, for it was very hot, and their travel had fatigued them, both noticed without remarking on it, a quiet little figure in black before them. A pack of greyhounds, the Duke of A—'s, were advancing along the street with their keeper, a Goliath of a man, in kilt and philibeg, and boasting a beard streaked with gray extending down to his waist. The little figure in black made no effort to avoid them, quietly passing along by their side. One of the savage brutes with a sudden bay and growl sprang upon her, followed immediately by his fellow, to whom he was chained. It was but an instant ere Grahame and Arthur were both at her side, and the stout Highlandman, swearing alternately in Gaelic and broken English, had driven them off howling and attempted a broken apology, which made up in good-will and sincerity what it wanted in English and in grammar. The little lady in black was evidently very much startled. She trembled violently, and seemed unable to walk. With ready gallantry Grahame offered her his arm, and after a minute's hesitation she accepted it. Such a small white hand, Arthur thought, as it lay on Grahame's arm. It reminded him, everything here did, of Nora in her bloom. There were two rings upon it, too. Why did he start and color violently, and look at the little figure so meekly moving by his cousin's side, till Grahame wondered

at him. The veil was thick and black, and if he wanted to pierce it he was unable. The teacher, for Grahame whispered it was she, did not speak during the few moments they passed in reaching Dr. Fergus's house, and kept her head steadily away from Mr. Russel. A quiet, sweet "Thank you" as they reached the door was all she said, and the gentlemen turned up the road leading to Graigse Lea. Grahame wondered at Arthur's evident abstraction, but forbore to question him. In a moment or two he was abstracted himself, picturing the happy home and loving wife that awaited him, and smiling to himself at a letter he had once got from his wife before she was that.

That evening, to the Doctor's great confusion and surprise, Arthur Russel made his appearance at his door, and signifying that he had come to pay a visit walked in. As he entered he saw a little figure glide out at the back door. Mrs. Fergus gave up, unusual condescension, her stuffed easy-chair to her visitor. Conversation also, an unusual thing in Mrs. Fergus's company, flagged. All seemed preoccupied. A little Bible that had been left open on a side table attracted Mr. Russel's attention. Under pretence of examining Mrs. Fergus's beautiful fuschias and geraniums, he rose and took it up. On the front page "Nora Avon" was delicately yet clearly traced. "Whose Bible is this?" he asked tremulously.

"The school-mistress's," Mrs. Fergus answered, going out into the garden.

Dr. Fergus, seeing a shadow in the doorway, went out to his laboratory. The shadow advanced till it stood beside him. A small white hand was laid upon his arm, and a worn, sad, pleading face looked up into his, and a sweet voice murmured, "Arthur, can you forgive me?"

We do not know whether he did or not, but he was a proud, happy-looking man when, after night had fallen gently on Weston and its streets, he emerged from the Doctor's house with a slight figure in black clinging to his arm.

A shepherd passing down the turnpike saw lights in Graigse Lea parlors at one o'clock that morning, and wondered what kept them up so late. Ah! there were many stories to tell.

The infant school was without a teacher on Monday morning. Mrs. Fergus said she had been hastily summoned away and would not return; further than that she was impenetrable.

In the revivals of 59—60, Weston was not left unvisited. Indeed in few places of its size were its effects so marked and immediate, and Temperance was its handmaiden. On the Saturday evening previous to a Sabbath which will be long remembered as the "Great Revival Sabbath," a Temperance meeting was held in the Free Church, Grahame Drummond, Esq., Present of Graigse Lea, occupied the chair. There was a goodly array of noble laymen and ministers on either side of him. The meeting was an intensely interesting one. With only one of the speakers have we anything to do, the Rev. ——. He claimed the liberty of speaking frankly to the people of Weston, for was he not one of them? Had not his childhood and boyhood been passed in their midst? He had been told this evening by the gentleman who occupied the chair, that out of a population of 1,700, 1,000 names were now signed to the pledge. He was glad, yet amazed to hear it. He recollected not many years ago when there were only three avowed Temperance men in Weston. These three were still there; they were now by his side. The Rev. — and — and Dr. Fergus, his esteemed friend. At times it was a common saying, as most of his hearers would remember, that Weston produced more drunkards and ministers than any village of the same size in Scotland. In proof of the latter, he had but to request his hearers to look at the Reverend gentlemen by his side. How many of them could they claim? That they no longer emulated the former bad pre-eminence, the pledge on the table was sufficient proof.

* * * * *

Looking back on his school-days, where

were the companions of them, he now asked; those who had started fair with him, all with equal, many with much better prospects of success in life. Aye, echo vainly answered,—Where? Of twenty classmates who had ten years ago made the play-ground merry with their joyous sportiveness, eight already filled drunkards' graves; and, oh! what a world of blasted hopes, wasted affections, fear, remorse, and despair was in that expression! Two were inmates of the county asylum, brought there by intemperance; Three were ministers; four doctors; the remaining three he had been unable to trace. Three of those who had adopted the medical profession had done so because their dissipation and drinking habits precluded them from the ministry, for which they had been originally intended. Their teacher, also, how sad his fate!

* * * * *

Ere he sat down he would allude to a tragical event with which they were all familiar: the fearful end of the poison-dealer. Ten years ago he had come to Weston a sober, industrious man, with a blooming family of sons and daughters. He had sold ruin, shame, and death to many of his customers since, and now, by the immediate use of that self-same poison, whiskey, he had perished fearfully, having seen all his children and his wife in the grave before him. Of these only two had died natural deaths; all the others had met with their fate in some manner or another through the agency of drink. Whether they would recognize it or not, there was a fearful retribution in this.

The speaker concluded with an eloquent appeal to his audience, who were evidently much moved. He maintained that religion and temperance were inseparable, for real, heart-felt Christianity was the best, indeed the only safeguard, a man or woman who were subject to this temptation could have.

THE END.

NOTES OF A HASTY TRIP.

FROM THE LETTERS OF C. C.

(Continued.)

TUESDAY, July 23, 1872.—Left the Trosachs Hotel by coach for Loch Katrine; steamed up the Loch past Ellen's Isle, the Glasgow water-works, the Goblin's Cave at Coir-nan-Uriscen, and near the site of Rob Roy Macgregor's house in the Rob Roy boat to the hotel of Stronachlachar, 10 miles. Here a coach was in waiting to take us to Inversnaid or Loch Lomond. Passing over a road which led us first by Loch Arklet, then along the mountain side, with high rocks on one side and precipices on the other, a distance altogether of about five miles, we embarked on another charming and comfortable little steamer, and went the whole length of the loch to Balloch, about eighteen miles, the loch from Ardlui to Balloch being twenty-three miles long; then returned and stopped at Rowardennan to make the ascent of Ben Lomond, 3192 feet high; in one hour and forty minutes we reached the top, four miles distant, but unfortunately the mountain became shrouded in clouds and we could see very little except occasionally a glimpse of Loch Lomond below us, smooth as glass and dotted with many lovely islands, large and small. We descended the mountain leisurely in an hour and a half, and went for a swim in the loch, which was thoroughly enjoyed.

BALLACHULISH, 24th July.—We left Rowardennan this morning for the north. Passing Rob Roy's Cave and an old castle on an island, an ancient stronghold of the Clan Macfarlane, we reached Inverarden near the head of Loch Lomond, and secured seats in the Ballachulish coach, drawn by four horses with a skilled driver and a guard. For about six hours we drove through a wild, mountainous country past Tyndrum, where a railway is in progress, Ben Callum, Ben Doa, Ben More, Ben Cruachan, Lochs Tulla Bar and

Lydoch, the Holy Pool of St. Fillans, the great Deer Forest of Blackmount, where we saw several stags; through Glen Falloch, past Loch Falloch and the Devil's Staircase to the entrance of the Pass of Glencoe, one of the wildest glens in Scotland, and the scene of the Massacre of Glencoe of the Clan Macdonald. The coach road lay through the centre of the pass and wound along the edge of a precipice overhanging a mountain stream; the mountains rose on each side of the narrow valley in close order, high, steep, bare, rocky and frowning down on all sides, seemingly inaccessible. As we entered the glen or pass the sky darkened, lightnings flashed, thunder roared, and the rain descended in torrents; torrents rushed down the steep mountain sides with great noise, washing along innumerable small boulders. For some time we felt in considerable danger; but the weather suited the place, and the scene was grand, sublime, unequalled by anything I have hitherto seen. When about half way through the pass we came upon the scene of the massacre in 1692, and shortly afterwards Ossian's Cave was pointed out high upon the precipitous face of one of these Alps of Glencoe then the small Lake Treachtar, and shortly afterwards we made our exit from the Pass and almost by magic the rain ceased and the clouds cleared off, but we were considerably wetted and glad to reach Ballachulish hotel, though in the midst of a Celtic population who talk in indescribable Gaelic, after an eight hours' drive.

July 25th.—Although cloudy, a number of us took a comfortable conveyance to Fort William, twelve miles distant, to give us time to ascend Ben Nevis; but though we enjoyed the drive the sky was invisible when we reached the Fort, a considerable village, and so was the mountain, so we

were obliged to amuse ourselves as best we could the rest of the day.

July 26th.—At six o'clock we rose, and as the clouds were breaking up six of us took breakfast, secured a guide and began the ascent of Ben Nevis at a quarter to eight. The clouds soon cleared away and the sun shone brightly, but the grass was very wet. We walked up leisurely, admiring the country round with the neighboring Lochs Etive, Eil, Linnhe, Creran, &c., and the Braes of Lochaber, with the Castle of Inverlochy, the country seat of Lord Abinger. Before we got half way up I tired of the slow gait and started ahead over an immense field of stones, bare and dreary-looking, that covers the whole top of the mountain, and crawling down a precipice after some snow, continued on the road to the summit and stood on the highest point, a cairn of stones, $3\frac{1}{4}$ hours after leaving the hotel, having walked about eight miles. Ben Nevis rises 4,406 feet above the level of the sea; a terrific precipice makes a sheer descent from its summit on one side of about 1,800 feet,—the distance could be appreciated best by rolling a rock down and listening what a length of time it took to reach the valley below. The weather was decidedly cool and windy on the summit of Ben Nevis, and we did not remain long; besides, although the prospect is of remarkable extent and grandeur, the green fields and villages I missed very much, and the lochs were fewer and more desolate-looking than those I saw from Ben Ledi. Peaks in countless number could be seen as far as the eye or glass could reach, and amongst them the gigantic heads of Ben Lomond, Ben Cruachan, Ben More, Ben Lawers, Schehallion, Cairngorm, Ben Ledi, Cuchullin Hills, &c., but they were all equally bare, and the whole country exhibited the appearance of a vast volcanic field. On the way down our guide led us to a field of snow, where we enjoyed some snow-balling, pointed out grass growing at a height of more than 3,000 feet, and led us to a very cold spring, the highest in Britain, of the water of which we all drank, and brought us back to the hotel by way of Banavie, after a wearisome tramp of seventeen miles, extending over seven hours, the descent occupying about three hours.

INVERNESS, July 27th.—I omitted to mention that during the drive from Loch Lomond to Ballachulish we passed the largest bog in Scotland, a dreary-looking waste without a tree; also that I, on that day, saw for the first time the real flower the blue bells of Scotland. They are rather less than half the size of the harebells, which are of a pinkish red color, and are much prettier, grow on more slender stalks, and are more delicate than the harebells, though the same shape. I liked them at first sight, though even they are not as pretty to my mind as our own wild Columbines. We left Fort William this morning at seven o'clock by coach as far as Banavie, three miles distant, where we embarked on the Caledonian Canal steamer "Gondolier" for Inverness, on board of which steamer we had breakfast and dinner. In the midst of a pouring rain we passed the first lochs and sailed over Loch Lochy, ten miles long and a mile wide, on the margin of which could be seen the ruins of Auchnacarry, the former residence of "Crested Lochiel," as the chief of the Cameron Clan was called through whose lands we were passing. After Loch Lochy we had two miles of canal before emerging on Loch Oich, a lovely little loch four miles long surrounded by high green hills. We then came to Fort Augustus, built to overawe those untamable Highlanders. We were about an hour and a half here passing through seven lochs before reaching Loch Ness, and as the clouds began to break a good many of us went for a walk through the village near the forth. Loch Ness is twenty-four miles long and about a mile and a quarter wide; on either side are mountain ranges, generally green to their summits. At the pier of Foyers the steamer stopped to allow the passengers an opportunity of visiting the Falls, nearly a mile distant. They are the highest falls in Scotland, and considered the finest. The river Foyer falls in one place over a precipice two hundred feet high. Rushing through a small cleft the water spreads out into a sheet of white foam of dazzling loveliness, in some places as thin as a veil and swaying in the breezes until it falls into a capacious basin below with a dull roar, sending up clouds of fine

spray to the sky, from which circumstance it is sometimes called the Fall of Smoke. Having re-embarked on the steamer, we passed Urquhart Glen and Castle, the latter an imposing ruin now owned by the Earl of Seaforth, chief of Clan Grant, and not long afterwards reached Muirtown, the end of the Caledonian Canal, where a bus took us to the Waverley Hotel, Inverness, at about five o'clock p.m.

Having left our luggage, we walked to the Castle of Inverness, a modern building used for law courts and a gaol, built in the castellated form on the site of the old castle, and then crossed the river Ness on a fine new suspension bridge to the new Cathedral, whose towers form a conspicuous object in the landscape, an elegant building in the decorated Gothic style, after the Scotch models. This church inside is decidedly the finest looking, most beautifully finished modern edifice I have seen although outwardly its proportions look cramped. Its material is pink stone, cream-colored stone facings, and Aberdeen granite pillars. The pulpit is a gem of beauty, of Caen stone, with Aberdeen granite and green marble decorative and supporting pillars and set round the top with magnificent jaspers. The reredos and other parts of the Cathedral are finished in the same costly manner. The service is, I am told, High Church, and I should judge so by its appearance, crucifix, candles, &c. The windows are of beautiful stained glass presented by various donors. The cost of the whole is about £20,000 stg. We retired at 10 p.m. Miles 4805.

SUNDAY, July 28th.—Rose at 8.30 a.m. At 11 a.m. we went to the Cathedral. Had it not been that the service was in the English language I would have pronounced it Roman Catholic. Several priests officiated and wore hoods over their gowns, but without a cross on them. The principal priest, or minister, had the crown of his head shaved or was bald (I don't know which, but believe the former to have been the case), and remained most of the time with a couple of assistants standing or kneeling before the altar. He gave the congregation a blessing before administering a dish of trash from Hebrews xiii, 10—which took fifteen minutes to deliver, the remainder of

the service occupying a little more than an hour and a half; some of the singing was very good.

After the service we walked to Culloden Moor, the theatre of the last and most disastrous battle fought by Prince Charles against the English. A cairn, on one of the large stones of which is engraved "Culloden, 1746," marks the vicinity of the hardest fighting, and trenches filled with large boulder stones show where the dead were interred. Near this place is a huge boulder where the Duke of Cumberland had his headquarters. We stood both on the cairn and boulder and I picked some heather and blue bells to send to friends. The moor is a bleak, barren place, covered in some places with pine woods. A mile and a half from the battle field we crossed a bridge over the River Nairn to the plains of Clava, a very singular place covered with circles of stones and cairns. We examined three cairns. They are built something like limekilns inside and were nearly twice as large as they are near the wharf at home. The whole cairn was built or piled up, for the stones seemed loose on the outside within a close circle of good sized boulders, and twenty-five feet outside this inner circle was an outer circle of very large high flat stones, planted upright in the ground about twenty-five feet apart, all round. Some of these stones were between seven and eight feet high. I could not touch the top on tip-toe. These kiln-shaped places were, it appears, formerly, in some very ancient time, used as cemeteries; for about eighteen inches below the floor of one of them, two earthen vessels full of calcine and bones were found. Weather clear and beautiful. Miles 4820.

July 29th.—We left Inverness at 9.15 a.m. for Portree, Isle of Skye, *via* the North Highland Railway. Thousands of sea gulls whitened the beach of Loch Beaulay, an arm of the sea, which we passed at low tide immediately on leaving Inverness, which by the way is one of the pleasantest old fashioned towns I have seen. Its houses, like those in Edinburgh, are plain and well built, streets well paved. The Scotch element was very noticeable in the shop windows; and the number of boys, and men too, in kilts and bonnets, and who spoke generally

in Gaelic was very great. But to return to our railway carriage. After going nearly the length of Loch Beaulieu we could see inland the hills and part of the other territory of the Chisholm who presented St. Andrew's Church, Montreal, with the bell. We soon afterwards reached Dingwall at the head of the Firth of Cromarty in Ross-shire. For some time after this we continued going up hill at the rate of nearly ten miles an hour, past Strathpeffer, where there is a mineral spring very like the sulphur one at Caledonia Springs, along the foot of mighty Ben Wyvis, through the territories of the Clan Mackenzie, by Lochs Garve, Luichart, Chullen and Scaven, near the former of which the line lay through the ravine of the Raven's Rock ("Creagan-fliothick," the war-cry of the Mackenzie Clan), 464 feet high, and a little further on Lady Ashburton's lodge. Kiploch-Luichart took K.'s fancy by its name, which signifies or means "Head of Loch Luichart." Having gained a height of over 600 feet, the cars were now going down hill and faster, the Falls of Fannich and three peaks of Scurivullier next appearing; then, after passing through a valley, a mountain rising on one side and a stream running deep in a gully on the other side, we suddenly burst our way as it were into the vale of Loch Dougall, a beautifully picturesque spot; the loch itself is four miles long and about half a mile wide and has several verdant islets set like emeralds in its smooth mirror-like surface, and a level green planted with trees surrounds the loch; on the margin are two or three neat stone cottages, while wild mountains, steep and barer rise on the north side of the valley and on the opposite side the partially wooded green slopes of the deer forest of Craig Aneilan, furrowed by numerous water courses, rise almost from the edge of the loch and are reflected on its bosom. This was the prettiest, most romantic, part of the trip, although the road along Loch Carron to Strome Ferry offered several beautiful land and sea views. At Strome Ferry we took the steamer for Portree, and for three hours sailed over almost innumerable bays and lochs as we touched at the different stations along a route of thirty miles. Two of the lochs,

Aylort and Na-Naugh, are rendered specially interesting as places to which Prince Charles came from France and from which he made his escape back again after the Battle of Culloden. Numerous remains of ancient castles dot the romantic coast all along, although one would think that the rocky shores and inaccessible mountains would of themselves prove a sufficient defence for the Macdonalds of the isles, unless they were accustomed to fight each other for want of a common foe, which is quite likely to have been the case. By the time we neared Portree, the sea, which had been increasing in roughness, began to affect me, and actually sent K. to the ship's side, and when on our arrival there we took passage for Oban over the same course and a rougher sea I began to recollect dolefully enough the Atlantic trip and fear a renewal of a disagreeable experience. However, owing partly to the advantage of being on a much larger vessel, and perhaps also partly to a hearty supper which I ate rather than enjoyed, I passed the ordeal safely, sleeping most of the time, and the "Clansman" arrived at Oban on the morning of Tuesday, July 30th. We took breakfast on "the Clansman" before arrival at Oban and therefore wasted no time in making our way to Dunolly Castle. The walk was really delightful after the sea voyage; the road was winding and shady, the sea appearing on one side and on the other peculiar rock composed of small stones and boulders worked together with some lime-like substance. It is called quite appropriately Plum-pudding Rock. A tall column of the same rock formation is called Fingal's Dog's Pillar, as that individual, whom I know nothing about, is said to have chained his dog there. The castle, itself a very interesting ruin, is built on a large plum-pudding rock, and was formerly occupied by the Lord of Lorn, the one who at one time defeated Robert Bruce of Scotland. The place is now the property of a MacDougall. Three miles further north we walked to see the ruins of Dunstaffnage Castle, said to have been the seat of Scottish Monarchy until the overthrow of the Picts, when that honor was transferred to Scone with the celebrated stone now in the seat of the coronation chair at Westminster Abbey.

On the shaky ramparts along which we groped our way were one large and two small cannon taken from one of the vessels of the Spanish Armada wrecked on the coast near by, the ruins of a pretty chapel and the graveyard of several Scottish kings and chiefs. After tea we had a row on the sea, and I sang over all my French songs on the water for the benefit of the natives, to K.'s disgust as he avers. Oban is a good sized, well-built village in the form of a semicircle round the water. In point of position and surroundings, Oban and Portland are more alike than any other two places I ever saw; both have mountains behind and a large harbor in front studded with small islands and one or two larger ones, only the bay in front of Portland is larger while the hills on the islands here are larger.

WEDNESDAY, July 31, 1872.—We had intended going round Staffa, Iona, and Mull to-day, but the steamer broke her paddle shaft and we were obliged to spend the day fishing at sea; caught half a dozen fish between us, mine consisted of a very small cod-fish; we were in a small boat.

OBAN, Aug. 1, 1872.—In accordance with the intimation of the town crier last evening before every hotel, the steamer "Pioneer" left this morning at eight o'clock for Iona, Staffa and round Mull. The weather was auspicious—almost all that could be wished for, and Oban was soon left in the distance. Nothing noteworthy occurred until the southern end of Mull was rounded, the vessel there threading her way amid a multitude of rocky islets where wild ducks had their abodes in countless numbers; then Iona became visible, but though measuring about three miles and a half in length, and a mile and a half wide, nothing peculiar appeared on it save the ruins of some church buildings, and they certainly seemed out of a place on a semi-barren island. Nearing it, however, we could distinguish a number of well-cultivated farms, and shortly after our steamer halted and the passengers were conveyed on shore in small boats and allowed an hour to ramble round. I preferred to remain with the guide, while he took us round to the principal objects of interest in this one of the first seats of Christianity in the British Islands;

St. Columba, an Irish missionary, having settled there in the year 356 A.D. The first building, St. Oran's chapel, was erected in the eleventh century, and the cathedral and nunnery a few years later. St. Columba and his disciples were called Culdees, and, though religious recluses, were not Roman Catholics, although the latter it is said took possession in the 12th century. The remains of the chapel and nunnery are insignificant, but many parts of the cathedral are still in a good state of preservation. One of the pillars has a grotesque sculptured capital, representing an angel holding a pair of scales and weighing souls thereon, while opposite is a devil holding one of the balances down with his paw. In the chancel are several finely carved tombstones of Abbot Mackinnon and others. A tombstone to Macleod of Macleod occupies the centre and is the largest on the island, although the finest and principal ones are in the adjoining churchyard, erected in memory of the Prioress Anna, A.D. 1511, of kings of Scotland, Ireland and Norway and chiefs of the Macleans and Macdonalds. Some richly carved Runic crosses of stone erected in different places, in particular one called Maclean's and another St. Martin's, Cross, are very peculiar and striking. They generally have a carving of the crucifixion on one side, and are evidently very old. There used to be 360 of these crosses, but at the time of the Reformation they were nearly all cast into the sea. The boat's whistle drew us away, reluctant though we were, and before we had finished dinner Staffa was in sight. As the captain remarked the view as we approached was the finest to be had. The portion of the island we then saw was not a quarter of a mile wide, probably not more than half that width, and rose perpendicularly to a height of nearly 150 feet, the lower half composed of 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, and 8 sided basaltic columns, and the upper part of a mass of small prismatic basalt. Three caves were visible, but Fingal's Cave quite outshone the other two in height, depth, and beauty, being a sort of archway, 70 feet high, and extending 230 feet inwards. Although we could not see its end from the steamer, the whole had a marvellously strange and attractive appearance, and quite excited me with plea-

sure and delight. I was one of the first in the cave, and the only one that found time to scour the whole island in the hour allotted. The sea goes right in to the back of the cave, and we made our way there along the side, walking on the broken but smooth tops of some of the columns. I had decided in my own mind to bring a slice from the top of a column home, but when I found them varying from 3 to 8 feet in circumference I changed my mind. The view from the inside was surpassingly fine. Part of the floor under the water appeared red as though of granite; the sea was a lovely green, and the ends of the columns of the roof were in places crusted with white; a beautiful combination of colors was the consequence, while the harmonious noise produced by the rushing in and receding of the waves added glory to the almost enchanting spot. But time was short;

I hurried round the island, on to the edge of precipices, walking now on grass, now on the heads of basaltic columns, noticing several minor caves, and the different inclinations and positions of various piles of those wonderful columns, heaped up sometimes perpendicularly, sometimes inclined, sometimes horizontal, and at the clam-shell cave bending and meeting at the roof like the ribs of a ship. Altogether, it was a sight of one of the wonders of nature never to be forgotten, and I left with regret. The surrounding islands, though of somewhat similar construction, are not nearly so perfect. On the way home we passed an odd-shaped island called the Dutchman's Cap, caught a sight of Uist and Barrà in the Hebrides, and of Skye, and reached Oban at 7 p. m., after a long and somewhat fatiguing, though pleasant day's trip. Miles 5,165.

(To be continued.)

THE SLAUGHTER OF THE INNOCENTS.

BY W. H. WITHROW, M. A.

We all combine in hearty condemnation of those barbarous races that kill off their deformed or weakly offspring that they may raise nothing but a healthy stock. We would shrink aghast from the imputation of any complicity with such a monstrous custom. Although the moral quality of the act may be vastly different when it is unconsciously performed, the physical results are the same. It matters little as to consequences whether you kill a child at once by starvation or exposure, or whether you allow it to die of inanition, or from insufficient protection against the cold. Few passages of history, sacred or profane, cause such a thrill of shuddering horror as the cruel edict of Herod for the slaying of the babes of Bethlehem. That deed of blood has encarnardined his memory forever. Yet it probably did not cause the death of more than thirty children altogether. It has been reserved for modern times to inaugurate a far more

comprehensive system of destruction, which, however, awakens not the horror of the community, but takes place amid the smiling complacency of all beholders.

The little dresses sacredly treasured in many a secret drawer, the opening of which is like the opening of a grave, would wring still more bitter tears from weeping Rachels, who refuse to be comforted because their children are not, if they were recognized as the murderers of the innocents they once adorned. Objects of the mother's pride and care, they were yet the unknown causes of her anguish of bereavement. To a blind and stupid conformity to the capricious tyranny of fashion were sacrificed the lives of her children with as fatal a certainty, as when the Hindoo mother casts her babes to the jaws of the crocodile. Free and independent citizens, who boast that neither they nor their fathers were ever in bondage to any man, allow the fashion-mongers of Paris to

bring them under a most galling, all-embracing servitude, whose fetters, silken though they be, chafe and fret the soul during all its waking hours. But what is worst of all is the fearful sacrifice of human life with which the worship of this modern Moloch is attended. At its demand, fond, foolish mothers will not shrink from immolating the offspring of their love, flesh of their flesh, on the altar of senseless use and wont.

The costume which may be quite suitable for children in the mild temperature of the Boulevards or the Champs Elysées, at the imperious dictate of a Parisian *modiste*, is considered all that is necessary for protection against the rigors of a Canadian winter. Any physician will tell you that the fashionable manner of dressing children, especially little girls, with its exposure of chest, arms and legs to the cold in the autumn and winter, sends multitudes to their graves every year, and often plants the germs of pulmonary diseases in those who survive the period of childhood. The absurdity of the system would be apparent at once if *pater familias* would adopt, for a single day, the same style of costume to which he condemns Charley or Freddy. That mothers will expose their own lungs to danger of congestion as freely as their children's only shows that they are equally under the tyranny of fashion.

Instead of requiring less protection against cold than adults, children require more, because of their greater exposure of surface in proportion to their bulk. It is computed that they lose twice as much heat by radiation as adults. The degree of physical development is in an inverse ratio to that of cold. This is seen in the dwarfing of animal and vegetable life in extreme northern and southern latitudes. The liliputian willows and stunted Esquimaux of Greenland, and the Highland sheep and cattle, and dwarfed ponies of Shetland, attest the depressing influence upon vitality of low temperatures. On the other hand, it is well known that the careful housing of cattle in winter is an equivalent for a large amount of food. During the occasional cold snaps of the European and Canadian winter, the death-rate rapid-

ly increases,—the increase being generally made up of extreme old age and infancy, and those of enfeebled vital forces. The infant mortality in Northern Europe, especially in Russia, is frightfully great, and the custom in Roman Catholic countries of carrying new-born children to church for baptism is attended during the winter with most disastrous results.

The general deduction from these facts is, that children need greater protection against the extreme cold of our winter weather, than they generally receive. The dainty frills and flounces that they wear are a poor substitute for the good, warm, non-conducting woollens they should have. The dress, moreover, should not be too pretty for play, nor too flimsy for somewhat rough usage. Children were not designed to be put under a glass case like wax dolls, nor to maintain the prim decorum of their fashionable elders. They have a natural affinity for dirt. They early manifest a genius for the manufacture of clay confectionery, and strong military instincts toward the creation of earth-works, and sapping and mining. The gleeful little barefoot boy enjoys the jolting of the rough farm-wagon far better than the millionaire his ride in his magnificent carriage. Charley digging in the wet sand on the beach has far more real pleasure than his wealthy sire in building marble blocks in the city. The merry maiden in the swing feels an intenser rapture than she will ever know in the mazes of the dance. The keen delight of the discovery of a nest beneath the barn will have few parallels in after life.

The conventionalities of dress, then, should not come between children and these innocent and natural enjoyments. It will be time enough for them to bow their necks to Fashion's yoke when childhood's sunny dream has fled. Let them come face to face with Nature; let them lean on her maternal bosom and drink health from her veins; let them listen to the beating of her heart, and grow in sympathy with her manifold life. Thus will they keep the freshness of their early years, and lay in a stock of vigorous health to carry them through the toils and travail of after life.

JOHN KANACK'S EXPERIENCES.

BY REV. W. W. SMITH, PINE GROVE, ONT.

SUMMER TIME.

"O, Mr. Kanack," says a sentimental young friend, "why don't you get on with your story? What do *we* care for all the odd characters that compose the 'bear-dance about Skendle? Or the way to farm or clear land? Or who built houses without roofs in the bush, or had mills for grinding wet wheat?"

"Well, what would you have me do?"

"Why, carry on the tale, and make it thrilling and interesting! For instance, I'd have Montgomery Crow run away with Kitty Seagram—and John Crow get killed in a drunken spree—and Jonas Chuff fall heir to a million of dollars, and commence gentleman—and yourself get into Parliament—and Skendle get to be a city;—there! I'd make a novel that people would sit up all night to read!"

"But I'm not writing a novel. I am merely giving some 'Backlog-Studies,' to illustrate Canadian life as it was twenty or thirty years ago. And now, since you have sketched out such a 'thrilling' continuation for me, I must see and have it something different—if it were only to claim originality and preserve my copyright. I'll have to do as Cervantes did about Don Quixote."

"What was that?"

"Why, after he had written the First Part, but which he probably intended for the whole of it, somebody wrote a Second Part; and among other things, carried the Don to Barcelona, because he had expressed an intention of going there. But Cervantes, stirred up by this forgery, to attempt greater things than ever, wrote a Second Part himself, in which he announced that the Don had changed his mind and never went to Barcelona. So, I'll have to steer clear of the wonderful programme you have laid out for me!"

"Oh don't! Put *some* of it in!"

"Well, I'll see; but it was too bad for the old lady who lived a hundred miles from any railway, to tell me that 'The man that wrote "John Kanack" must have lived in a *very backward place*!' And it will come just as it *does* come."

Probably no one, enjoying health and liberty, ever spent a summer that did not seem very short. And the analogy of the seasons holds good in the larger circle of our lives. The summer of manhood is half gone before we know it! Some of my neighbors I know—young men—intended to do a great deal with their lives. It was a worthy ambition, but nothing came of it. The great work was always "going to" begin, but never did begin. Meanwhile the summer of life was shining on and slipping away; and meanwhile, too, the necessity of bread and butter for present use was more and more pressing; and by and by the bread and butter had put out the ambition and the progress! I suppose what is to be done in the summer depends on what has been done in the spring. If a boy reads and thinks, he will be a man of information. If he has some speciality in juvenile mechanics, he will turn out a mechanician, or a prize-holder in science. If he cultivates some speciality in books, he will turn out a poet, scientist or political economist, as the case may be—but always in the line of his early preferences.

Willie Elmes was a natural architect or builder, but he did not know it; neither did his father. At every "noon-spell" at school Willie would be found (in the summer) building stones and blocks into temples and arches. In the winter he would content himself with drawings on his slate. And once, when the flood had carried away the bridge over the creek, he made the most wonderful foot-bridge that ever had been seen, of rails alone, and withoft a mortise

or a nail. If a fence-post was put in "off the plumb," Willie's eye detected it at once; and a stove-chimney a mason had built, the least shade off the square, he instantly pointed out. He wrote square across his copy-book without a line; and all his letters were sloped at the same mathematical angle, with perfect regularity. His reading was all on mathematical subjects, ship-building, architecture and mining; while he was the wonder of the neighborhood for chess, checkers, and solving of enigmas.

Notwithstanding all these indications, his father, who ought to have known better, apprenticed him to a shoemaker. His master often found him, like Gifford, tracing mathematical problems with an awl, and cautioned him accordingly about his waste of time; though, on the whole, his master and he got on very well together, for the master had seen many parts of the world, and was never averse to recounting his adventures and his observations, and Willie never wearied listening.

Having in the last year of his apprenticeship taken a little prize for the best plan of a market-house, he turned his attention altogether, as soon as his time was out, to mechanical and architectural drawing. Of course, with such natural ability as he displayed, there were architects (themselves struggling for support in a new country) to take notice of him and encourage him; and the next we heard of him he was a full fledged architect, and doing well.

It is a pity there are so many "self-made men" in the world! Not for the fact of their being famous and capable and deserving, but for the fact that they should have had to fight their own way against adverse circumstances. If ever a perfect Government is established anywhere on earth, one department ought to be the discovering of young men having special aptitudes, and putting them to their proper work. At present, every trade and profession jealously guards its own supposed rights, and exercises its chief care not in bringing in members, but in keeping them out. And many a man, debarred from the pursuit of his ideal, and losing at last his enthusiasm for it, becomes a mere spiritless clod, and slips through life as if some way he had made a mistake to be in it, and would make

the best and only amends in his power, by getting out of it as soon as possible. In the cultivation of the soil alone is there room and a welcome for all. No trades-union keeps out a man from the fields, though he may *not* have been a farmer from his youth. Half our farmers have been artisans; and as far as farming is concerned, and often as far as their prosperity in the world is concerned, are "self-made" men.

It is an amusing reminiscence to me that just as Willie Elmes was going up, John Terry was coming down. Terry was an architect, appraiser, notary public, conveyancer and general agent. There was nothing that he shrank from doing, and there was nothing that he did well. His plans of houses lacked necessary windows, and generally had stairs or some such important items forgotten. His deeds and leases got into Chancery, and furnished tat pickings for the lawyers. His appraisements were always upon some wrong basis; and if he protested a note, it was sure to be done on a legal holiday. In consequence of this startling want of adaptation to his calling, Terry's "practice" began to run down—and his circumstances with his practice. His father had determined he "should have a profession;" but then no father's partiality nor assistance could give a man a capacity for what nature denied. But he was a good judge of a cow, or a sheep, or a pig. He was naturally a stock-breeder; and to that he came at last. With children without clothes in which they could go to school—with a wife whose querulous complaints well-nigh drove him mad (and who could blame her, for she was starving?)—he at last went to a farmer, and offered, at some low wages, to help him to take care of his stock. Having made the plunge, he ought to have been strong enough to avow it—but he lacked courage there. He pretended that "some of the animals were sick; and having a little skill that way, he was prescribing for them." By and by, after people had found out, from other sources than himself, how it was, this pretence fell off—just as his coat came off, and his sleeves went up (the rolling-up hid the rags and patches!)—in fact it was another case of a gentleman broken-in to work! And if he had not made the same

foolish mistake his father made, in trying "to make a prince of a swineherd," he and his son might have done well. As it was, he remained a swineherd.

I don't think the Hindoo rules of *caste* would ever do amongst us. To think that a man must necessarily follow the calling and condition of his father, and never either rise above it or sink below it, would be in itself so strange and impossible as to be absolutely ludicrous. We drift to the contrary extreme. Not only do we almost never follow the calling of our fathers, but we seldom begin and end our own lives in the same profession. A man who does not seem to "get on" at all in the line of life he has chosen (or rather drifted into) finds it a great relief to try something else; and that something is sure to be as contrary in its work, experiences, and associations as possible. For instance, a city man, where "the pent-up Utica" most certainly "contracts his powers," as old Somebody has it—is almost sure to make a bolt to the country, to change his calling. Nothing so wearing and tearing on the spirit and body, as this incessant toil of the brain, amid the anxieties of business—so the city man. Nothing runs a man down like continual labor, and straining of the muscles in farm-work—so the farmer. "The falsehood of extremes" was never better exemplified. It only needs the farmer to think a little more of his mind, and the citizen a little more of his body, for each to find a great deal of comfort (as well as the moderate gains, which come the nearest of any gains to be a blessing) in his own accustomed employment.

A clerk or book-keeper, born in the city, and urban in every taste, throws up a good situation and goes to the country, just because "the confinement and want of exercise was killing him." I protest that there is plenty of good exercise in every city. Burn wood, my dear sir! and get a house with a bit of vegetable garden attached, even if the house should be smaller! There, now, you have summer and winter exercise! Saw and split your own wood—it is very much cheaper than subscribing to the Gymnasium, and equally as good; for handling the axe moves every muscle of the body. And dig and hoe your own garden. I have known mechanics do this,

who were earning good wages and working at their shops ten hours every day at a laborious employment. These made a mistake,—I am not talking of them; their recreation and exercise should have been over a book, or hearing a good lecture—something *mental*. I am talking of those whose brains are wearing out over ledgers and invoices. These need robust employment for the muscles of the body—while meantime the brain rests. Such men, with no boyish experience of the country, and no taste for its pursuits, have things a little *hard* for a long while—but I spare them. Only, if it was merely exercise they wanted, they might have had that in the woodshed, anytime.

But, genial old Mother Earth! if a man *will* work at all—for she loves no idle sons—he may have room upon her lap, and a welcome! And I do believe one half of the secret in the success country boys achieve in the city (the other half is a healthy mind and body, country-bred) is that they feel that if other things fail they know how to cultivate the ground. They can always go back to Mother Earth and press her sun-browned cheek, and be at home.

But I don't like to see middle-aged men sell their farms and go into business, just because "the work was so hard." The blockheads! they made it a great deal harder than it needed to be. They were not content with the good day's work they got out of themselves, but must have something *more* than a good day's work! And now they are going to "take it easy" behind a counter! Once more I spare them!

One of this kind set up in Gorton. His farm, which was two or three years in being paid for by the buyer, helped along "the business" as long as the instalments were coming in. But once this outside help dried up, the water got low. New goods, a few days before a bill became due, to help the cash sales, and tide over a difficulty, answered for a few months, but only for a few. Then visits from his wholesale house; then examination of his books; then a great batch of credit accounts and notes of hand sued in the Division Court; then a slow winding up, the stock running down and down; and at the end of four years from the grand beginning, a moving off to a new

place without a cent, and a situation as porter, or something of that kind.

Another was strong in the faith that the doctors were all cheats, or something as bad, and that if he only had a chance he could do a great deal better than they. But he couldn't get a chance with a farm on his hands. So the simple plan was to sell the farm and live on the proceeds till the "doctoring" should pay. Doctors of the regular school are very particular nowadays as to the persons who "practice." Then they were fewer; and in many a little village where now there would be two or three doctors ready to devour each other in their competition, there was then none. And in one of these little places "Doctor" Timbs settled. His system was the eclectic, probably, for he culled the gems, or at least the oddities, of every system into his practice. He had two noted peculiarities, or rather, they became noted soon, and they were, that the professional part of his visits consisted in "getting the stomach warm;" and the financial part in making an immense "discount" for cash. Some of the young "bloods" used to make rhymes on him, which was too bad; and some of his patients never paid him, knowing that he could not sue for his bills, not being regularly licensed. Poor Doctor Timbs! His enormously high and stiff shirt-collars began to look wilted. The cock's-comb style of brushing up his hair began to show signs of slovenly decay. His fast little pony gave way to what the boys called "an old plug," and at last he was seen to trudge on foot, carrying his jugs and bottles of elecampane, podophillum, and "number six." Then he left suddenly, and for good and all, leaving a few debts and no assets, and an immense array of old junk bottles, and a few dried herbs, with ungrateful and delinquent debtors on every concession line in the township. I heard of him away in the West somewhere, a few years after, as a druggist, making an honest and respectable living—and in view of the little farm he spent in going through "his course" which I have sketched, calling himself now a regular doctor—none caring to dispute his title.

I believe that discontent runs in streaks in a man's life; just as insanity was an-

ciently believed to follow the full moon; and it is a great piece of wisdom to get hold of this fact (about the discontent, if you please, not the insanity,) and work out a defeat for it. When I was a boy at school, more from good bottom, perhaps, than swift strides, I used often to win foot-races among the boys; and I found that just as I was on the point of giving up, and stopping to recover wind, I would think to myself, "The other boy is hard up too, keep on a *little longer*, and very likely he'll break down," and to that little bit of juvenile philosophy I owed many a school-boy triumph. And it is just the same in mature life. When all things seem to go against us, and Discontent whispers "Give it up," it is well to resolve, "Stick to it just a little longer!" and Discontent is defeated. This is what many people mean by "sleeping on it," when some proposition is made to them. It means thinking a thing well over for two or three days, or, perhaps I might say two or three nights, and coming to a conclusion to "Stick to it just a little longer!" When about twenty or so, I thought I had made a grand discovery. Whenever anything needed "settling" in my mind (and it is astonishing what a number of these things have been settled somehow since), I would just postpone it until night, and lie awake and think it out. Thought ran freely—the brain was active—the blood circulated well about the head; it was no trouble to think. But, alas for my discovery! It had two drawbacks. One made itself known next morning; and the other crept gradually over my consciousness. The first was that thinking at night was harder work than ploughing or chopping by day. I always felt very miserable and ill-rested next morning. This I did not care so much for, for one good night's rest made up for any fatigue or weariness whatever. It takes two or three nights now to make up for a thorough "using-up" weariness. But the other was the fatal objection, which at last cured me of midnight cogitations over knotty questions. I found that conclusions arrived at "when honest folks" (and myself among the rest) "ought to have been asleep" would not bear the ordeal of cross-questioning by daylight. There was always something defective, or something vision-

ary, or something wrongly estimated, and the work had to be done over again. Nor do I suppose that those "who devise mischief upon their beds" are more fortunate in having *their* conclusions "hold water" than I was with *my* conclusions. And that is the reason probably why such Satanic cogitations so often come to naught. There is a screw loose somewhere, and they don't know it.

And I thought I found that discontent often arose from having nothing to do, that is, for the mind. Our minds are very subtle and delicate in their structure, and at times will assert their nobility, spite of all the coarse fare with which we think to bribe and silence them. Sometimes when a man has tried hardest to extinguish the celestial spark within him, he finds that "the angel in him moans, and chides plaintively of its low estate." *And it is then* that, in a sudden access of discontent, the man makes rash and total changes—not always within, but generally *without*—flits and moves about from one place or country to another, or from one occupation to another, when the trouble was all in himself—and he carries his "ghost" with him. Froissart tells of a French count, long harassed by a ghost, who determined to remove from one chateau to another to escape him. A friend met him on the road escorting a cart-load of household effects. "You are moving!" said the friend. "*Yes, we're moving!*" replied a voice from among the stuff. "Oh, if *you* are there," said the count to the ghost, "I may as well go back!" And back he went. And as I stumbled, not without pain and trouble to myself, upon the fact that idleness, whether of mind or body, is one of the worst *ghosts* that can haunt us, I tried to find enough work to do, mental, moral and spiritual, to exorcise him.

To such an end there is nothing better than society-work of various kinds. The Literary Club and the Village Library did well enough for a time; but when the spiritual began to assert its position as above the merely intellectual, I must have other work besides. Here the Church came in with little of particulars, but much of principles—not much dealing in forms, but a great deal in foundations. I thought I saw that the New Testament gave

us a great deal of liberty, and it was our own fault if we abridged it. So we talked the matter over in an informal way, at church one evening, and schemed out several ways in which we could work more and more in concert. As a result, two Mission Sunday-schools were established; each taken charge of by two Christian young men. These would never have undertaken it voluntarily—they thought "they hadn't talent" enough—but they yielded to the advice of their brethren. And we got into the way of visiting each other's houses for spiritual conversation. It was hard work at first for me, sincere as I believed my motives were in making the visit. No lover was ever more embarrassed and hesitating to make an avowal or ask a question, though he had come for the very purpose, than was I, sometimes, to introduce *the* topic uppermost in my mind. Nor have I quite overcome it yet. I suppose it is by our mistakes we learn, and by our defeats we conquer.

Once I made a grand mistake, and lost a day, and lost my own approval too. A careless worldly man, of good education and natural abilities, who made Sunday a grand field-day for gossip and plans, lived a mile or two away; and to him I would go one Sunday, to get him to come to the evening service. I wanted to "stroke him with the hair," and deal very wisely and skilfully with him; and so I determined to let him lead the conversation, and after a bit I would bring it around toward religious things, and get him with me to church, without his suspecting that I came for that purpose. Foolish young fellow that I was! It was like letting the reins drop behind a runaway horse. To continue the *horse* metaphor—my friend just took the bits in his teeth, and dashed off, with me through all the mud and mire—all the tittle-tattle and new invented scandals of the neighborhood! The announcement of tea brought him up; "and now," I thought, "I'll introduce religious topics as soon as we are through." But before we were half through, he dashed into agriculture, and the new improvements in farm-implements. Oh, how I did wish I were seated in my pew, with this man beside me, listening to a Gospel that left gang-plows, drills and steel-

mouldboards to some other day! At last, when it was now too late for church, and the man had tired himself out with four hours' talking, I got it my own way; and we had it for two hours. But it did not seem to do him any good; and a day or two after he told somebody, "John Kanack came up to see me on Sunday, and stayed half a day—I don't know what he came for." He *might* have known, if I had told my errand at first! But the shame of that defeat did *me* some good.

There was an old woman in the church, whose husband suddenly died. And now that she was "a widow, indeed," we began to bethink ourselves that she was very poor. Of course we were bound by Christian loyalty to help her. But she would not *be* helped in the way we proffered it. She said, "If we gave her fifty dollars a year, she would serve the Church for it, but she would not take it as a charitable gift. The time might come when she would be unable to do anything, and then it would not be wrong; but it would be wrong *now*." We talked the matter over, and the pastor proposed she should be made a deaconess, and her proper church-work assigned her. The Church never made so fortunate a selection! The fifty dollars a year, with free firewood for herself, and a supply of tracts for distribution, was a *fortune* for her. She had the nicest way of dealing with young girls—leading them to decision for Christ and to the Church—and for mothers' prayer-meetings, which she led in such a loving way! Dear old "Aunt Hannah!" She has long gone to her reward; but the fruit of her five-years' labor is ripening even yet.

Jenny Crow startled me one night by asking "if I didn't think John was getting *better-looking* than he used to be?" I said "Yes" in a mechanical way; but when I came to think of it, there seemed really some truth in it. And what was more, when I got hold of it, it was like getting hold of the end of a clue: it led to something more—as isolated facts generally do—to a general principle; and that is, that mental culture and a good moral life will work very decidedly toward beauty in the countenance and perfection in the body. If the *soul*'s only allowed to dominate over the whole man, it soon becomes true, as sung

by Canada's sweetest minstrel, Charles Sangster,

"Lo, we are turning to spirit and soul!"

John Crow was too much storm-beaten to suggest beauty to any one but his wife; but certainly Thought (a grand artist, too!) had been chiselling at his features for a good many years, and refining them. But some men need to have the shadow of the unseen world falling on them before they ever look up; and so it was with Crow—though I doubt if he knew it. He sometimes showed glimpses of what—visibly and outwardly—he *might* have been, if from his youth he had followed wiser ways; an inward something that seemed struggling to come to the surface. A whole summer passed thus; and in the fall he said to me one day, "John, I'm going to die!"

"Oh, I hope not," I said; "we can't spare you yet; and least of all your own family."

"But it don't depend on that. 'When the trigger's pulled, it's too late for the game to dodge.' I'm going; and I dunno where! It seems like going out into a *great darkness*!"

Soon he took to his bed. Not in a day; for as long as he could polish off an axe-helve, or amuse himself with any little thing of that kind about the fire, he liked to do it. But at last several little pieces of work were put away unfinished, on a high shelf, and John lay back weary and heart-sore. Montgomery had got a school to teach—though barely able to get a "certificate" on account of his youth—over the river, not far from Gorton. He made very frequent visits home; and the responsibilities that now seemed to fall on him, added, not to his age, but to everything that years bring with them, maturity of thought, gentleness and wisdom. I knew that with his son he was in better hands than mine, for I was but a tyro in the higher life.

"Boys," he said one day, when Montgomery was there—the old title he used to give us—"Boys, you've both got ahead of me! I've more need o' knowing all about it than any one of you, but I can't reach it! I want to be saved—I always did—but it 'pears to me I've been trying all my life to have a *little hand in it myself*. May be that's where I'm wrong. I ought to just take it for nothing,"

One day, after Hannah the Deaconess had been there, he said to me, "I'm going to try it! If Christ can't save me, it's plain I can't *save myself*. He says he can; and he says he will; and I can't do better than just let him do it. And, you see, that's like throwing the responsibility on *Him*. I guess he can carry it—I can't!"

When the first streak of light breaks the darkness of the East, how fast the light

comes in, and keeps possession! And John's daybreak had come. "But there's one thing yet," he said to me once; "I can't have it, but I wish I could. I wish I could look back on something better than a wasted, barren life. It's something like a new fallow, where it's had a poor *burn*. It won't burn again! And here am I, in rags like the Prodigal, going back to my Father!"

"I SOUGHT THE LORD."

BY HENRY N. COBB.

I sought my Lord one day, laden with all my sin:
I knocked at mercy's gate, scarce hoping to get in.
Sinful and burdened so, scarce hoping to be heard,
Or that from His glorious throne, he would answer me a word.

So foolish I, not knowing—for even as I spoke,
On my torn and wounded heart, His tender answer broke:

"Thy sins are all forgiven thee, since I for thee have died;"

And I, who feel the glory, rejoiced in the Crucified.

I sought the Lord, and he answered me,

And this is my song, HIS LOVE IS FREE!

I sought the Lord one day, when grief o'erwhelmed
my soul:

His waves and billows all seemed o'er me to roll,
I called, in my unbelief, and cried, "Dost Thou not care

That my soul is overwhelmed, and I perish in despair?"

And even as I called, out of the storm he said:

"I'm with thee, little faith. then why art thou afraid?"
Then into my heart there stole, at the word a peace profound,

That banished fear and shame, and stilled the tempest sound.

I sought the Lord He the answer gave,

And this is my song, HIS LOVE CAN SAVE!

I sought the Lord. not one, but many a day; and oft:
And cried, till through my crying my bones waxed old and soft,

"How long, O Lord, how long! wilt Thou never answer me,

Nor give my heart the blessing I cry and die to see?"
He spoke, and pierced my soul, at last with a dart of fire:

"Delight thyself in ME, and not in thy heart's desire
And thou shalt have it." Thus my rebel soul He taught [sought.

That not my Lord, but His gift, my will, not His I
I sought the Lord, He heard my cries,

And this is my song, HIS LOVE IS WISE!

I sought the Lord one day; I sought but found Him not.

I sought Him far and wide, in each frequented spot
Where I had often met Him. Tokens were everywhere

That He had lately passed, but Him I saw not there.

"How long aloof wilt Thou hold Thyself, how long afar?"

A still, sweet voice replied: "Those I love I dwell within;

Behold I stand at the door: rise up and let me in."

I sought the Lord, and the answer dear

Is this my song, HIS LOVE IS NEAR!

—Selected.

Young Folks.

A SEARCH IN OLDEN TIMES.

BY MRS. A. CAMPBELL.

"There, now, that's the second needle I've lost to-day!" said a little girl, with vexation in her tone, as she shook out her work and gave a glance of indifference towards where the lost article had fallen. "Mamma, give me another, please; it's no use looking for this one,—I never can find a needle."

"If you looked properly and patiently you could, Dolly," answered her mother; "it is both dangerous and wasteful not to do so—dangerous because some person's thin shoe might be penetrated, and their foot seriously hurt by stepping on it; and wasteful because nothing should be heedlessly thrown away, especially so valuable a little implement as a needle."

"Why, mother, they are not of much value; see how cheap they are!"

"True, they are very cheap now—thanks to the skill that has brought the manufacture of them to such perfection—but they were not always so; and my grandmother saw the day when she would have given her most highly-prized article of jewellery for that very needle which you do not think worth picking up."

"How was that, mamma?—a needle for an article of jewellery! do tell us how that could be?"

"Well, pick up your missing one—see, there it is—and I will tell you. It was during the American struggle for independence, long ago, when the duty put by England on all articles supplied the colonies was so high that importation became a heavy taxation, and the colonists refused to buy, preferring to do without luxuries than suffer imposition; and you remember how in Boston they emptied all the tea into the harbor. Well, of course, all imported articles became scarce, and needles particu-

larly so. Pincushions were ripped up, and the stuffing sifted to secure every one of these prized articles; but what with breakages, &c., the number gradually lessened with my grandmother till she was reduced to one. She had two little children at the time, and did not know how soon God might send her another, and she had a number of warm garments to make up. Much she valued this needle you may be sure; twice its point had been broken and sharpened again till it had grown short and stumpy, but still it worked on. One day, however, she was leaning out of a window trying to reach a bunch of honeysuckle, when the needle, which had been loosely stuck in her dress, fell out and was lost. Oh! how greatly she deplored her carelessness. Though the sun was hot, and she was in feeble health, she knelt on the bank under the window sifting and resifting the sand through her fingers for nearly two hours, till taint and weary and sad she was about giving up, when she bethought herself of asking God to help her search, which with tearful eyes she did, when she was rewarded a few moments after by finding it. How joyful she was you can imagine. Even after the war was over, and needles became plentiful, she never could be careless about one, remembering how she had suffered when that only one had been lost."

"Of course your grandmother must have soon got out of tea," remarked Herbert, who had appeared to be studying, but had been an interested listener all this while. "I always thought it splendid of the Bostonians throwing it all in the river."

"Well, Herbert," smiled his mother, "it may have been splendid, but if they had been all old women probably it would not

have been done. Yes, grandmother got out of tea, and the longing for some became at one time very great. The shops had none, or if they had, dared not offer it for sale; besides she lived in the country, far from stores. So one day feeling ill, and thinking that nothing would do her so much good as a cup of tea, she had her horse harnessed, and with a faithful old black servant, started with a well-filled purse in her pocket in search of some place where she might get it. She drove on, trying house after house to no purpose, for many long miles, and was just on the point of turning back when she caught sight of a handsome mansion at the end of a long avenue of trees. Whipping up the tired animal, with fresh courage she drew up at the door saying to herself, 'There is surely tea here.' Not much ceremony was needed in those times of war and trouble, and she soon found herself talking as sociably to the lady of the house as if she had been an old acquaintance. Her errand was soon told and sympathized with, and to her delight a cup of delicious tea was brought in by order of

her hospitable hostess, and on her departure a paper containing about a pound weight put into her hands, for which no payment would be received. 'I have shared the half of what I have with you,' said her generous entertainer,—'you need it more than I; you shall repay me in friendship.' And my grandmother often said that her search for tea had found her the best and dearest friend of her after years."

"That was capital," said Herbert, who indulged largely in adjectives. "Did your grandmother see much of the war—the fighting part I mean?"

"Yes, Herbert," she said, "far more than she or any woman would like, but she suffered losses and privations cheerfully in a good cause; her property was confiscated by the British, reducing her to poverty, but after the declaration of independence a portion of it was restored again. War is a terrible scourge, my dear boy; and though God in His mercy brings good out of evil, yet we should all pray for the coming of that time when the nations shall learn war no more."

LOST :

THE GRANDFATHER GREY SERIES.—NO. 2.

BY A. M. AMES.

"How about your lessons to-day, Johnnie?" said Grandfather Grey on entering his son's pleasant sitting-room, where he was sure of finding his grandchildren, at this his usual hour of calling.

"All over with for to-day," said Johnnie, briskly; "and I am ready to hear of those queer old times when *you* were a boy."

"So you want to hear something more about my life in the backwoods, do you?"

"Oh, yes, dear grandfather; and about your famous dog, too, if you please," said Mary, as she arranged the armchair and foot-stool for the dear old gentleman's comfort.

"Well, set Alice up here on my knee

then; there, that will do," and he folded the child in his arms and lovingly stroked her golden head. For a few moments the kindly old man sat thus gazing into the fire, as though gathering up the records of the far-off past, and then seeming suddenly to recollect himself, he abruptly asked: "Did you ever hear of anyone's getting lost, children?"

"To be sure I have," said Johnnie. "Why, no longer ago than yesterday, I saw a little boy crying on the street, and he was so bewildered he could hardly tell me what street his home was on."

"And then the old lady," observed Mary, "who asked us, the other day, if we could

tell her where Great St. James street was when she was already on the street she was looking for—I suppose she was lost.”

“And I know somebody was lost, too,” said Alice, straightening up and manifesting a great deal of interest in the subject.

“And who was that?” asked her grandfather, smiling down into the eager, upturned face.

“Well, *that* was *dolly*,” said the child seriously, “and I looked for her ever so many days, and when I found her, her head was broken off, and one of her foots was gone.”

A general laugh now ensued at Alice's expense, but perceiving the tears well up into the blue eyes of his pet, her grandfather soothed her injured feelings and brought the smiles to her quivering lips by the promise of a big doll that would wink at Johnnie and Mary if they laughed; then resuming the interrupted conversation, he said: “Yes, you have all heard of persons being lost in the city, but that is quite a different and happy circumstance compared to being lost in a vast wilderness where there is hardly a possibility of ever meeting a human being or finding one's way out, and where wild animals abound.”

“Did you ever know of any one's being lost in such a place?” eagerly enquired Johnnie and Mary together.

“Well, I was about to tell you, but not to anticipate my story, I will begin at the beginning. You see it was near Christmas when we found ourselves all at home again after the three weeks' separation of which I told you a few evenings since, and there was so much to be accomplished before spring, that we had to be as busy as bees, indoors and out. There was an extra shelter and yard to provide for the sheep; the year's wood to procure and cut up; lumber to be drawn from the mills for the barn that was in prospect; hay to be got from Mr. Styles' meadow farm, five miles away, besides flour and other necessities to be hauled in while the snow lasted. Meantime, in the house, mother and Ellen were quite as active as father and I were outside. The temporary furniture which we had been obliged to put up with for so many months, was replaced by the old familiar articles that we had formerly been accustomed to,

and which, though so very plain and old-fashioned that no one would think of tolerating them in any of these fine houses, yet seemed almost like luxuries to us, so long had we been deprived of even the simplest necessities of civilized life.

“I remember how grand it seemed to have real chairs to sit on, and to see the beds made up high and square on bedsteads with headboards and high posts, and with what an air of conscious dignity Ellen would clear the dishes into the sink and turn down the leaves, and set back the ‘fall-leaf’ table, and how dear little Lu clapped her hands and jumped about for joy when she saw the chest of drawers placed against the wall and the dishes arranged in nice order on the high pine cupboard. Finally the house was rearranged and tidied up to every one's satisfaction; yet there was no more room for leisure than before, for, besides the daily household duties, there were piles of making and mending to do, stockings and mittens to knit, wool to make into batting for the two quilts already pieced, and remnants, new and old, to be cut into carpet-rags or patchwork, and neatly rolled up and stowed in a chest, away from dirt and moths, for future use; for you must know that my mother was a provident and tidy, as well as an industrious woman, and nothing was ever allowed to run to waste in her house, or lie around to litter it up.

“Amidst all these busy occupations, however, our parents never forgot that we had souls and minds as well as bodies to be provided for, and one hour every week-day evening was set apart for study, and for reading the few but choice books with which we had been provided, or the newspaper that, between our neighbors and ourselves, we managed to get every week from the mills, the nearest post-office to our little settlement. Study-time over, we had an hour allowed us for amusements, and many were the tough games of ‘checkers’ and ‘fox and geese’ that served to exercise our planning faculties to their utmost. Though for a long time we were deprived of going to church, the Sabbath was held sacred in our forest home, and was devoted to the reading of the Scriptures, and to conversations that served to enlighten our young

minds in regard to their holy teaching; thus our understandings were strengthened and improved, though we were far from any schoolhouse or public place of instruction. My mother had a rare faculty of throwing a charm around those Old Testament stories, such as 'Joseph and his brethren,' 'Daniel,' 'Ruth,' 'Esther,' and many others, that time has failed to divest them of even yet; and perhaps no picture in memory's vast collection is contemplated oftener, or with a more yearning tenderness of feeling, than that of the Sabbath evening circle in my father's humble forest cabin.

"When the March winds and prolonged sunshine of the lengthened days began to melt the snow and thaw the frost from the sugar-maples, our ample supply of wood nicely corded ready for use, the huge pile of lumber and shingle 'stuck up' to season for the barn, the stack of hay and quantities of grain and provision sufficient for our wants until our own crop could be made available, were so many evidences of past industry, and also that the winter's work was completed, and that we were ready for the spring campaign of sugar-making. About this time our neighborhood was materially improved and strengthened by the addition of three families to the population, two of which, the Graham and Miles families, were in much better circumstances than any of the previous inhabitants. The former chose a location a little over half a mile southeast of our cabin, and the latter, one about the same distance to the southwest; while the third family, the Deerings, pushed on into the forest a mile north of us, thus making our hitherto isolated position the centre of a comparatively populous district. The situations of their respective habitations was such that Mr. Deering's and my father's sugar-lots were undivided, and, both for the pleasure and advantage that such an arrangement would mutually afford, they determined to unite their forces and carry on their sugar-places together.

"I suppose neither of you ever visited a sugar-place; but if you were to go into one now you would see a nice sugar-house furnished with an arch, sugar-pans, sap-heaters and many other conveniences for making sugar; while for catching the sap

you would find nicely turned buckets and tin spouts; but my first experience in the business was on a much simpler scale. Instead of buckets, of which, at first, we were unable to procure but few, we manufactured rude troughs as substitutes. These were merely small logs cut into sections of nearly three feet in length, then split in two and each half excavated and brought into a shape corresponding to the tray that Betty uses in the kitchen for chopping meat. For want of a sugar-house we worked in the open air, and our capacious potash kettles were brought into use for boilers. To hang these kettles properly a large post was firmly set in the ground, then a long pole was placed in a horizontal position across the top. About one-third of the distance from the tip of this pole, where the kettle was to hang, it was secured to the post in such a manner that, from the end of the long projecting arm, a child could manage the kettle to perfection—could raise or lower it, or swing it to the right or left.

"Almost before we were prepared for it, the sugar season was upon us; and what with four kettles and eight hundred trees, yielding a constant supply of sap, to tend, we were obliged to boil day and night. Most of the time Mr. Deering and father did the night work, but two or three times Paul Deering, who was a year older than myself, and I were allowed the coveted pleasure; when, though we were forced to keep pretty busily employed, we yet had some time in which to tell each other stories of gipsies and famous hunters of whom we had read and heard; and, sitting there on a log in the deep forest, into the shadowy recesses of which, for some distance, our huge fires sent a flickering, uncertain light, we enjoyed likening ourselves to the latter class, the constant and faithful attendance of Watch helping us to carry out the idea. I cannot begin to tell you all that transpired during that memorable sugar-making season; suffice it to say that we shot a number of fine partridges, that Mr. Deering trapped a bear, that we had several jolly sugar parties, and that between the two families was realized more than half a ton of nice sugar, besides barrels of maple honey and vinegar; and now we come to the last 'sugaring off,' and to the great sugar-party of the season.

Everybody, far and near, was invited, and almost everybody came. Our immediate neighbors, children and all, were there, while several had come the previous day, all the way from the mills, and stayed over night in the neighborhood.

"You may be sure we were all early astir on the morning of that momentous occasion,—Mrs. Deering and mother to complete their cooking preparations, and Mr. Deering and father and Paul and I to get everything arranged at the boiling place: the kettles nicely cleaned, the syrup ready to swing over the fire at a moment's notice, and a bountiful supply of paddles, made of sizes varying to suit all tastes and pretensions. About ten o'clock two kettles were each half filled with the clear, rich, amber-colored syrup, and swung over the carefully prepared fires. In about an hour the white scum began to rise, when our united halloo was answered by a chorus of voices that made the woods ring, and soon we could hear chatting and musical laughter, and almost immediately a number of young men and boys, accompanied by a whole bevy of bright-eyed, merry girls, flocked into the open space around the boiling kettles, and the fun began; and when the older and more sober-minded guests arrived, the merry-making was at its height. The indiscriminate distribution of sugar-paddles was one source of continual amusement; for, like all other chance performances, the result was that great, awkward fellows, with big mouths, were gingerly trying to satisfy their appetites with dainty little paddles no larger than a tea spoon, while some little Miss was wielding one as wide as your hand, that she threatened to use for a fire shovel.

"Almost every type of rustic beauty was represented around those bubbling caldrons, and often in my walks I see a face that reminds me of some one in that merry throng. There was a Jennie there with sparkling black eyes and a red dress, and a Sarah, tall and stately in her carriage, but as merry as the rest when once drawn out; and there was an Alice there, too, with gold-brown hair and eyes as blue as the sky—dear, winsome Alice that I thought the prettiest of them all, though she wore a quilted hood and a blue homespun dress,

with none of those looped up, queer-looking fixings that young ladies wear nowadays.

"At length, when every one had joked every one else about his or her paddle, and about the smoke-shifting rides in pursuit of the handsomest ones; when they had partaken their fill of the nice, creamy white scum, and stirred sugar, and sugar waxed on snow, and the fun began to languish perceptibly, Mrs. Deering and mother revived the spirits of the whole party by opening their store of refreshments. Although one and all declared they were not hungry, and were ashamed to partake any further of our hospitality, you ought to have seen the baskets of brown and white bread, dried beef, boiled ham and salt fish disappear. Finally, this homely repast was ended, and Mr. Deering was just starting for home with his sugar, and father was loading his on to the sled preparatory to my driving home with it, when we heard a great hubbub some distance from where we were at work. Boy-like, I immediately ran to see what was up, and soon gained the reward of my curiosity. Paul Deering, who was better acquainted than myself with most of the girls present, and withal a great hector, had spied little Alice Graham's blue and white tippet depending from the ear of a kettle hanging at the most distant boiling place, and one that had not been used for several days, and running to the long arm of the pole to which it was attached, quickly drew it down to the ground, thus raising the kettle, and consequently the tippet, far above every one's reach. To add emphasis to his performance, he had staked it firmly to the ground, and when discovered, he was sitting on the end thus secured, and whistling as though nothing had happened, while Watch was barking with all his might directly under the elevated kettle. Just as I arrived on the scene, a tall fellow reached and unhooked the tippet with a stick, and I was more annoyed than the occasion warranted, by the smile and gentle 'thank you' with which he was rewarded. Just then father called to me that the team was ready, and I reluctantly started to obey the summons, when Watch bounded toward me, and, seizing me by the clothes, tried to pull me back. In

vain I essayed to loosen his hold, and being just then in no mood to exercise a proper degree of patience, for the first time since our companionship commenced, I gave him a severe kick that sent him from me yelping with pain. My drive home was anything but a happy one; for, in addition to the reaction of an irritated temper and the pricking of a naturally tender conscience, there was no Watch trotting ahead or bounding noisily into the bushes in pursuit of a rabbit or squirrel. There was once an old lady of my acquaintance who often made the remark that a glad heart makes light heels, and on the occasion of which I am speaking I found it no less true that a compunctious one makes lagging heels; for by the time I had fulfilled all my father's instructions the sun was getting low in the west. I knew the young people had scattered to their homes some time before I had started on my way to the sugar-place, for I had heard their merry laughter as they passed along the road while I was occupied in the hovel, and I supposed the older ones had also gone, except those waiting for the team. What, then, was my surprise when I slowly drove into the open space lately the scene of so much enjoyment, to see all the women of the neighborhood still sitting around the smouldering fire as though in no haste to leave it, while not a man was to be seen; and to add anxiety to my surprise, I soon discovered that Ellen was crying bitterly, and that the women seemed to be condoling with mother, who sat silently in their midst, the picture of despair.

"Ellen was the first to notice my return and running to me, she sobbed out, 'O, Richard! poor little Lu is lost in the woods.' As soon as I could comprehend the awful calamity, I learned that soon after the young folks left, and parents began to look around for their children, it was discovered that our pet was missing and that no one had seen her since luncheon time. Every place capable of concealing her, that could be thought of in the vicinity of the boiling-place, had been thoroughly searched and her name called again and again, to no purpose. Being at length convinced that she had strayed to a considerable distance into the forest, father and the other men had taken different routes into the wood,

hoping thus to intercept her somewhere. Watch still lay under the kettle suspended so high above him, at which he would every now and again look up and bark, and to my enquiry as to why father had not taken him to assist in the search, I was told that he refused to go. Almost beside myself with grief and eagerness to join in the search, I was about to chastise the dog for his unaccountable conduct when the men began, one by one, to arrive. Last of all father came, but the eager enquiry that had been repeated to every one else was not put to him; for the almost hopeless expression of countenance that answered mother's agonized glance was enough to quench the last ray of hope. To increase our agony, it was fast growing dark, and the gathering clouds and fitful tossing of the treetops portended an immediate storm. Anxious as we all were, it was finally though reluctantly acknowledged by all, even by father and mother, that further search that night would be utterly useless; and as the best that could be done under the distressing circumstances, they determined to keep up a roaring fire all night, a proceeding that might serve to keep wild animals at a distance and perhaps guide the wanderer to us in case the light should penetrate to her retreat.

"With a motive for exertion, we all went to work with a zeal that soon raised the fire to such a volume that the whole place was illuminated. We were all thus busily engaged when we were suddenly startled by a voice calling: 'Richard! Richard!' and though we were sure it was our lost darling's, we could not tell from what direction it proceeded. Every one suspended operations to listen, when the dog began to bark more vociferously than ever.

"Our indignation was about to burst all bounds that Watch should be more concerned about the unusual position of an old kettle than for the fate of the child that had petted him so much, when the dear voice was again heard calling—this time seemingly from the very clouds—'Richard!—Father! I can't get down—please take me down!' Watch now began to make desperate bounds into the air and with one accord we looked up, when, what a sight met our astonished gaze! There in that huge

potash kettle, holding on to the bail with both hands, and looking down upon us with a frightened and bewildered expression, stood the dear child that we had been mourning as lost to us forever.

"Being the first to recover the powers of locomotion, I bounded to the end of the crane that was secured to the ground and began to pull at the stakes that held it down. A man immediately came to my assistance, when we soon drew them up and eased the kettle down. In a moment dear little Lu was clasped, first in father's and then in mother's arms, and those who had been a few moments before weeping for grief, now shed tears of thanksgiving and joy; and mother, who shed no tear in her great agony, now wet her darling's hair with those of exceeding gladness. Poor faithful Watch, too, bounded from one to another, almost wild with delight that he was at last understood and appreciated.

"The mystery of the child's disappearance was soon solved. She had crept into the kettle to eat her lunch, and, tired with her unusual exertions, she had curled down and fallen asleep, and when Paul spied the scarf hanging from the ear, he had perpetrated his mischievous prank without once suspecting there was anything in the kettle.

"It was long after dark when we arrived at home, and tired enough we were; but I can assure you that no more fervent thanksgiving ever went up from the inmates of our log cabin, than was poured out there that night."

KATY.

BY SUSAN COOLIDGE.

CHAPTER IV.

IKKERI.

But I am sorry to say that my poor, thoughtless Katy *did* forget, and did get into another scrape, and no later than the very next Monday.

Monday was apt to be rather a stormy day at the Carr's. There was the big wash to be done, and Aunt Izzie always seemed a little harder to please, and the servants a good deal crosser than on common days. But I think it was also, in part, the fault of the children, who, after the quiet of Sunday, were specially frisky and uproarious,

and readier than usual for all sorts of mischief.

To Clover and Elsie, Sunday seemed to begin at Saturday's bed-time, when their hair was wet, and screwed up in papers, that it might curl next day. Elsie's waved naturally, so Aunt Izzie did not think it necessary to pin her papers very tight; but Clover's thick, straight locks required to be pinched hard before they would give even the least twirl, and to her, Saturday night was one of misery. She would lie tossing, and turning, and trying first one side of her head and then the other; but whichever way she placed herself, the hard knobs and the pins struck out and hurt her; so when at last she fell asleep, it was face down, with her small nose buried in the pillow, which was not comfortable, and gave her bad dreams. In consequence of these sufferings Clover hated curls, and when she "made up" stories for the younger children, they always commenced: "The hair of the beautiful princess was as straight as a yard-stick, and she never did it up in papers—never!"

Sunday always began with a Bible story, followed by a breakfast of baked beans, which two things were much tangled up together in Philly's mind. After breakfast the children studied their Sunday-school lessons, and then the big carryall came round, and they drove to church, which was a good mile off. It was a large, old-fashioned church, with galleries, and long pews with high red-cushioned seats. The choir sat at the end, behind a low, green curtain, which slipped from side to side on rods. When the sermon began, they would draw the curtain aside and show themselves, all ready to listen, but the rest of the time they kept it shut. Katy always guessed that they must be having good times behind the green curtain—eating orange-peel, perhaps, or reading the Sunday-school books—and she often wished she might sit up there among them.

The seat in Dr. Carr's pew was so high that none of the children, except Katy, could touch the floor, even with the point of a toe. This made their feet go to sleep; and when they felt the queer little pin-pricks which drowsy feet use to rouse themselves with, they would slide off the seat, and sit on the benches to get over it. Once there, and well hidden from view, it was almost impossible not to whisper. Aunt Izzie would frown and shake her head, but it did little good, especially as Phil and Dorry were sleeping with their heads on her lap, and it took both her hands to keep them from rolling off into the bottom of the pew. When good old Dr. Stone said, "Finally, my brethren," she would begin waking them up. It was hard work sometimes, but generally she

succeeded, so that during the last hymn the two stood together on the seat, quite brisk and refreshed, sharing a hymn-book, and making believe to sing like older people.

After church came Sunday-school, which the children liked very much, and then they went home to dinner, which was always the same on Sunday—cold corned-beef, baked potatoes, and rice pudding. They did not go to church in the afternoon unless they wished, but were pounced upon by Katy instead, and forced to listen to the reading of *The Sunday Visitor*, a religious paper, of which she was the editor. This paper was partly written, partly printed, on a large sheet of foolscap, and had at the top an ornamental device, in lead pencil, with "Sunday Visitor" in the middle of it. The reading part began with a dull little piece of the kind which grown people call an editorial, about "Neatness," or "Obedience," or "Punctuality." The children always fidgeted when listening to this, partly, I think, because it aggravated them to have Katy recommending on paper, as very easy, the virtues which she herself found it so hard to practise in real life. Next came anecdotes about dogs and elephants and snakes, taken from the Natural History book, and not very interesting, because the audience knew them by heart already. A hymn or two followed, or a string of original verses, and, last of all, a chapter of "Little Maria and Her Sisters," a dreadful tale, in which Katy drew so much moral, and made such personal allusions to the faults of the rest, that it was almost more than they could bear. In fact, there had just been a nursery rebellion on the subject. You must know that, for some weeks back, Katy had been too lazy to prepare any fresh *Sunday Visitors*, and so had forced the children to sit in a row and listen to the back numbers, which she read aloud from the very beginning! "Little Maria" sounded much worse when taken in these large doses, and Clover and Elsie, combining for once, made up their minds to endure it no longer. So, watching their chance, they carried off the whole edition, and poked it into the kitchen fire, where they watched it burn with a mixture of fear and delight which it was comical to witness. They dared not to confess the deed, but it was impossible not to look conscious when Katy was flying about and rummaging after her lost treasure, and she suspected them, and was very irate in consequence.

The evenings of Sunday were also spent in repeating hymns to Papa and Aunt Izzie. This was fun, for they all took turns, and there was quite a scramble as to who should secure the favorites, such as "The west hath shut its gate of gold," and "Go when the morning, shineth." On the whole, Sunday was a sweet and

pleasant day, and the children thought so; but, from its being so much quieter than other days, they always got up on Monday full of life and mischief, and ready to fizz over at any minute, like champagne bottles with the wires just cut.

This particular Monday was rainy, so there couldn't be any out-door play, which was the usual vent for over-high spirits. The little ones, cooped up in the nursery all the afternoon, had grown perfectly riotous. Philly was not quite well, and had been taking medicine. The medicine was called *Elixir Pro*. It was a great favorite with Aunt Izzie, who kept a bottle of it always on hand. The bottle was large and black, with a paper label tied round its neck, and the children shuddered at the sight of it.

After Phil had stopped roaring and spluttering, and play had begun again, the dolls, as was only natural, were taken ill also, and so was "Pikery," John's little yellow chair, which she always pretended was a doll too. She kept an old apron tied on his back, and generally took him to bed with her—not *into* bed, that would have been troublesome; but close by, tied to the bed-post. Now, as she told the others, Pikery was very sick indeed. He must have some medicine, just like Philly.

"Give him some water," suggested Dorry.

"No," said John, decidedly, "it must be black and out of a bottle, or it won't do any good."

After thinking a moment, she trotted quietly across the passage into Aunt Izzie's room. Nobody was there, but John knew where the *Elixir Pro* was kept—in the closet on the third shelf. She pulled one of the drawers out a little, climbed up, and reached it down. The children were enchanted when she marched back, the bottle in one hand, the cork in the other, and proceeded to pour a liberal dose on to Pikery's wooden seat, which John called his lap.

"There! there! my poor boy," she said, patting his shoulder—I mean his arm—"swallow it down—it'll do you good."

Just then Aunt Izzie came in, and to her dismay saw a long trickle of something dark and sticky running down on to the carpet. It was Pikery's medicine, which he had refused to swallow.

"What is that?" she asked sharply.

"My baby is sick," faltered John, displaying the guilty bottle.

Aunt Izzie rapped her over the head with a thimble, and told her that she was a very naughty child, whereupon Johnnie pouted, and cried a little. Aunt Izzie wiped up the slop, and taking away the *Elixir*, retired with it to her closet, saying

that she "never knew anything like it—it was always so on Monday."

What further pranks were played in the nursery that day, I cannot pretend to tell. But late in the afternoon a dreadful screaming was heard, and when people rushed from all parts of the house to see what was the matter, behold the nursery door was locked, and nobody could get in. Aunt Izzie called through the keyhole to have it opened, but the roars were so loud that it was long before she could get an answer. At last Elsie, sobbing violently explained Dorry had locked the door, and now the key wouldn't turn, and they couldn't open it. *Would they have to stay there always, and starve?*

"Of course you won't, you foolish child," exclaimed Aunt Izzie. "Dear, dear, what on earth will come next? Stop crying, Elsie—do you hear me? You shall be got out in a few minutes."

And sure enough, the next thing came a rattling at the blinds, and there was Alexander, the hired man, standing outside on a tall ladder and nodding his head at the children. The little ones forgot their fright. They flew to open the window, and frisked and jumped about Alexander as he climbed in and unlocked the door. It struck them as being such a fine thing to be let out in this way, that Dorry began to rather plume himself for fastening them in.

But Aunt Izzie didn't take this view of the case. She scolded them well, and declared they were troublesome children, who couldn't be trusted one moment out of sight, and that she was more than half sorry she had promised to go to the lecture that evening. "How do I know," she concluded, "that before I come home you won't have set the house on fire, or killed somebody?"

"Oh, no we won't!" whined the children, quite moved by this frightful picture. But bless you—ten minutes afterward they had forgotten all about it.

All this time Katy had been sitting on the ledge of the bookcase in the library, poring over a book. It was called "Tasso's Jerusalem Delivered." The man who wrote it was an Italian, but somebody had done the story over in English. It was rather a queer book for a little girl to take a fancy to, but somehow Katy liked it very much. It told about knights, and ladies, and giants, and battles, and made her feel hot and cold by turns as she read, and as if she must rush at something, and shout, and strike blows. Katy was naturally fond of reading. Papa encouraged it. He kept a few books locked up, and then turned her loose in the library. She read all sorts of things: travels, and sermons, and old magazines. Nothing was so dull that she couldn't get through with it. Anything really interesting absorbed her so that she

never knew what was going on about her. The little girls to whose houses she went visiting had found this out, and always hid away their storybooks when she was expected to tea. If they didn't do this, she was sure to pick one up and plunge in, and then it was no use to call her, or tug at her dress, for she neither saw nor heard anything more, till it was time to go home.

This afternoon she read the *Jrusalem* till it was too dark to see any more. On her way up stairs she met Aunt Izzie, with bonnet and shawl on.

"Where *have* you been?" she said. "I have been calling you for the last half-hour."

"I didn't hear you, ma'am."

"But where were you?" persisted Miss Izzie.

"In the library reading," replied Katy.

Her aunt gave a sort of sniff, but she knew Katy's ways, and said no more.

"I'm going out to drink tea with Mrs. Hall and attend the evening lecture," she went on. "Be sure that Clover gets her lesson, and if Cecy comes over as usual, you must send her home early. All of you must be in bed by nine."

"Yes'm," said Katy, but I fear she was not attending much, but thinking, in her secret soul, how jolly it was to have Aunt Izzie go out for once. Miss Carr was very faithful to her duties: she seldom left the children, even for an evening; so whenever she did, they felt a certain sense of novelty and freedom, which was dangerous as well as pleasant.

Still, I am sure that on this occasion Katy meant no mischief. Like all excitable people, she seldom did *mean* to do wrong, she just did it when it came into her head. Supper passed off successfully, and all might have gone well, had it not been that after the lessons were learned, and Cecy had come in, they fell to talking about "Kikeri."

Kikeri was a game which had been very popular with them a year before. They had invented it themselves, and chosen for it this queer name out of an old fairy story. It was a sort of mixture of Blindman's Buff and Tag—only instead of any one's eyes being bandaged, they all played in the dark. One of the children would stay out in the hall, which was dimly lighted from the stairs, while the others hid themselves in the nursery. When they were all hidden, they would call out "Kikeri," as a signal for the one in the hall to come and find them. Of course, coming from the light he could see nothing, while the others could see only dimly. It was very exciting to stand crouching up in a corner and watch the dark figure stumbling about and feeling to right and left, while every now and then somebody, just escaping his clutches, would slip past and gain the hall,

which was "Freedom Castle," with a joyful shout of "Kikeri, Kikeri, Kikeri, Ki!" Whoever was caught had to take the place of the catcher. For a long time this game was the delight of the Carr children; but so many scratches and black-and-blue spots came of it, and so many of the nursery things were thrown down and broken, that at last Aunt Izzie issued an order that it should not be played any more. This was almost a year since; but talking of it now put it into their heads to want to try it again.

"After all we didn't promise," said Cecy.

"No, and *Papa* never said a word about our not playing it," added Katy, to whom "*Papa*" was authority, and must always be minded, while Aunt Izzie might now and then be defied.

So they all went up-stairs. Dorry and John, though half undressed, were allowed to join the game. Philly was fast asleep in another room.

It was certainly splendid fun. Once Clover climbed up on the mantel-piece and sat there, and when Katy, who was finder, groped about a little more wildly than usual, she caught hold of Clover's foot, and couldn't imagine where it came from. Dorry got a hard knock, and cried, and at another time Katy's dress caught on the bureau handle and was frightfully torn, but these were too much affairs of every day to interfere in the least with the pleasures of Kikeri. The fun and frolic seemed to grow greater the longer they played. In the excitement, time went on much faster than any of them dreamed. Suddenly—the sharp distinct slam of the carryall-door at the side entrance. Aunt Izzie had returned from her lecture!

The dismay and confusion of that moment! Cecy slipped down stairs like an eel, and fled on the wings of fears along the path which led to her home. Mrs. Hall, as she bade Aunt Izzie good-night, and shut Dr. Carr's front door behind her with a bang, might have been struck with the singular fact that a distant bang came from her own front door like a sort of echo. But she was not a suspicious woman; and when she went up stairs there were Cecy's clothes neatly folded on a chair, and Cecy herself in bed, fast asleep, only with a little more color than usual on her cheeks.

Meantime, Aunt Izzie was on her way up stairs, and such a panic as prevailed in the nursery! Katy felt it, and basely scuttled off to her own room, where she went to bed with all possible speed. But the others found it much harder to go to bed; there were so many of them, all getting into each other's way, and with no lamp to see by. Dorry and John popped under the clothes half undressed, Elsie disappeared, and Clover, too late for either, and hearing

Aunt Izzie's step in the hall, did this horrible thing—fell on her knees, with her face buried in a chair, and began to say her prayers very hard indeed.

Aunt Izzie, coming in with a candle in hand, stood in the doorway, astonished at the spectacle. She sat down and waited for Clover to get through, while Clover, on her part, didn't dare to get through, but went on repeating "Now I lay me" over and over again, in a sort of despair. At last Aunt Izzie said very grimly: "That will do, Clover, you can get up!" and Clover rose, feeling like a culprit, which she was, for it was much naughtier to pretend to be praying than to disobey Aunt Izzie and be out of bed after ten o'clock, though I think Clover hardly understood this then.

Aunt Izzie at once began to undress her, and while doing so asked so many questions, that before long she had got at the truth of the whole matter. She gave Clover a sharp scolding, and leaving her to wash her tearful face, she went to the bed where John and Dorry lay, fast asleep, and snoring as conspicuously as they knew how. Something strange in the appearance of the bed made her look closely: she lifted the clothes, and there, sure enough, they were—half dressed, and with their school-boots on.

Such a shake as Aunt Izzie gave the little scamps at this discovery, would have roused a couple of dormice. Much against their will, John and Dorry were forced to wake up, and be slapped and scolded, and made ready for bed, Aunt Izzie standing over them all the while, like a dragon. She had just tucked them warmly in, when for the first time she missed Elsie.

"Were is my poor little Elsie?" she exclaimed.

"In bed," said Clover, meekly.

"In bed!" repeated Aunt Izzie, much amazed. Then stopping down, she gave a vigorous pull. The trundle-bed came into view, and sure enough, there was Elsie, in full dress, shoes and all, but so fast asleep that not all Aunt Izzie's shakes, and pinches, and calls, were able to rouse her. Her clothes were taken off, her boots unlaced, her night-gown put on; but through it all Elsie slept, and she was the only one of the children who did not get the scolding she deserved that dreadful night.

Katy did not even pretend to be asleep when Aunt Izzie went to her room. Her tardy conscience had waked up, and she was lying in bed, very miserable at having drawn the others into a scrape as well as herself, and at the failure of her last set of resolutions about "setting an example to the younger ones." So unhappy was she, that Aunt Izzie's severe words were almost a relief; and though she cried herself to sleep, it was rather from the burden of her own

thoughts than because she had been scolded.

She cried even harder the next day, for Dr. Carr talked to her more seriously than he had ever done before. He reminded her of the time when her Mamma died, and of how she said, "Katy must be a Mamma to the little ones, when she grows up." And he asked her if she didn't think the time was come for beginning to take this dear place towards the children. Poor Katy! She sobbed as if her heart would break at this, and though she made no promises, I think she was never quite so thoughtless again, after that day. As for the rest, Papa called them together and made them distinctly understand that "Kikeri" was never to be played any more. It was so seldom that Papa forbade any games, however boisterous, that this order really made an impression on the unruly brood, and they never have played Kikeri again, from that day to this.

MAMIE'S CRUMB OF COMFORT.

Mamie's eyes were brimful of tears when she came home from the little tea-party which the children had been allowed to have at the school-house.

"It wasn't nice at all, mamma," she sobbed, dropping down on the floor beside her mother in the pleasant bay-window, where the ivies and nasturtiums and tea-roses were smiling and nodding at the February breezes outside.

"Why, I thought it was splendid!" cried Flo, dancing up and down, her cheeks rosy-red, her eyes black and shiny, and her dimpled fingers trying to smooth out the kinks and curls which those same February breezes had been twisting in her soft brown hair. "We had just the nicest time; and we played the nicest plays; and nobody wasn't cross; an' Miss Drew said Mamie was just as handy, and that I was a little dear. And I'm so tired, I can't stay still a minute." And away ran Flo through the hall, down the steps, and out of sight.

"What wasn't nice, little Mamie?" enquired Mrs. Carr, kissing the tear-stained cheek laid upon her lap.

"O mamma! it's the being handy; I don't like it one bit; and Flo always to be everybody's 'little dear,' and do all the pretty parts."

Mamma looked grave.

"I know just what you are thinking," said Mamie, leaning her chin on her hand, and winking away the tears,—"that it's mean and selfish for me to want the good times, and not mind because Flo is handsome, and I ain't. But that isn't it, mamma,—not really; it's because, when anything goes along,—plays or anything,

you know,—somebody's got to shove; and I don't like—to shove—all—the time."

A faint smile crept into mamma's eyes; but she said nothing. So Mamie went on:

"You know, to-day we had tableaux. I wish you could have seen them, mamma! Densey Deane and I made most all the pictures; and I like to, only nobody ever once asked me to be in 'em; and, of course, I didn't go and ask myself. And so I had to stay all the time in that big, dusty closet full of barrels and things, helping the others fix, and running to fetch this and that; and I was so tired, and Flo looked so pretty, mamma!"

Mrs. Carr kissed the upturned face again, the little plain face with the ugly scar across one cheek; for, when very young, Mamie had been thrown down in the street by a runaway horse, and the disfigured cheek and slightly-deformed shoulder would tell the sad story through all her earthly life. But she had been taught to thank God for making her well again; and was usually so sunny and cheerful, that her mother was surprised, as well as grieved, at her present fretful tone. So she said, as if asking a question,

"Suppose God meant Flo to help with her smiling face and dancing feet, and Mamie with these useful hands and busy brain?"

"I know, mamma; but that last year ain't so nice. And if he'd only given me curly hair and a pretty face, and then not let me get homely and humpy, I could have helped both ways so much better."

"Not better, Mamie; because God's ways are always best. I hoped my little daughter had learned to trust her heavenly Father"—

"Yes, mamma; but that isn't saying I don't love him dearly. It isn't that; it's because it's such hard work,—the shoving, you know. You see, after the tableaux, all the nice things Mrs. Judd and Celia let us have were all scattered about; and nobody never thinks to pick 'em up at such times. And they all ran off down stairs to help set the tables; and Densey said, 'Pick 'em up, Mamie, that's a good girl.' And she ran off too. And, when I got down stairs, they had begun to eat; and everything was mussed round; and I hadn't seen the tables at all. And nobody asked me to help pass things, because there was Flo and Densey first. And then, when we were done eating, they all ran upstairs again to play 'Blindman's Buff,' and Miss Drew asked me to help wipe dishes, and I do hate it so, mamma! But Densey told 'em I was handy! And then Mr. Drew brought over his microscope to show us; and I wanted to see it so!—And Densey's little sister pinched her finger, and wanted to go home; and she wouldn't go alone; an' Mrs.,

Drew asked me; and I never saw only one little bug." Mamie's sobs came faster. "And it's always so, mamma,—always; and nobody ever says 'Thank you,' nor minds one bit whether I like it or not."

"God minds, Mamie."

"I try to think so because you do mamma; but it isn't so much comfort, you know, when you're—shoving, and don't want to. I know you like to have me kind and obliging, and that helps along; so, perhaps, if I just knew what God thought—but it doesn't seem as if he'd let some have all the fun, and some do nothing but shove, if he really did mind. Maybe he thinks being good ought to make us happy enough; but it don't me; I can't help wanting a little more comfort,—one teeny tony crumb, mamma."

"Hear this, Mamie," (Mrs. Carr had been turning the leaves of her little Testament): "Whosoever will be great among you, let him be your minister; and whosoever will be chief among you, let him be your servant:

"Even as the Son of man came not to be ministered unto, but to minister."

"Jesus didn't take the good times for himself, Mamie; he chose rather to serve others."

"Does it mean so, really, mamma?"

"Don't you remember he even washed the disciples' feet? And then he said, 'I have given you an example, that ye should do as I have done.' You may be sure he minds who tries to be most like him, Mamie."

"But I never thought he cared so much as that," said Mamie, softly. "To be a servant his very own self, so as to show us how; because somebody must shove, you know. I think I'd rather than not, now; because there'll always be comfort way down under the ache."—*Christian Leader.*

HANS DOODLEDEE.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN.

RUDOLPH MENTEL.

Once upon a time, probably many hundred years ago, there lived near a large lake, a fisherman and his wife, whose names were Hans and Maria Doodledee.

They were so poor that they did not have a real house, but lived in a wooden hut which had no windows in it. Still Hans was satisfied, but his wife was not. She wished now this, now that, and always reproached her husband because he could not give her what she wished. Hans usually remained silent, and thought: "If I was only rich, or if everything was only here as soon as I wished it."

On one evening, they stood before the door of their hut, and looked around in the

neighborhood, where stood several fine farm houses. His wife said: "Yes, if we only had a house as good as the poorest of our neighbors! We might get one yet; but you are too lazy, you cannot work as other people do." "Do I not work as other people, do I not stand the whole day and fish?" asked Hans. "No," answered his wife, "You could get up sooner, and catch as many fish before day as you generally get the whole day. But you are too lazy, you do not like to work."

The next morning, therefore, he got up before day, and went to the lake to fish. And he saw the laborers come to the field to work, but he had caught no fish; dinner-time came around, and the wood-choppers sat in the shade and ate their dinners; but still Hans had caught no fish; he sat down, drew his musty bread out of his pocket and swallowed it. Then he fished again, and the sun set, the wood-choppers and laborers went home, and stiller it became on the field. But Hans had caught nothing yet. As a last trial he dipped in his net and, as if he would lure the fishes, called: "Fishlein, Fishlein in the sea." "What do you want, dear Hans Doodledee?" asked a little fish, who had come within a few feet of Hans, and stretched his head a little above the water. Poor Hans Doodledee was not a little astonished, you may believe, but still he thought: "Hm! if it's only necessary to wish something, I will not keep you waiting long." He looked around to see what he should wish. On the other side of the lake stood a beautiful palace, in which a fine band was discoursing most enchanting melody. He also remembered the wish of his wife, who wanted a better house. Therefore said he: "I would be glad to have such a beautiful palace, instead of my wooden hut." "Only go there! your wooden hut is such a palace," said the little fish.

Hans ran at his utmost speed, and at a distance, saw on the place where his hut used to stand, a beautiful palace with illuminated windows. And when he got in, everything seemed so gorgeous, that he did not know how to act.

The pathway to the house was laid with marble, the floors of the rooms were frescoed and shining with wax, the walls elegantly papered; magnificent chandeliers hung in the high saloons, in short, everything was so splendid, that Hans could not bring himself to walk about in it.

He could not believe that all this elegance was now his, he thought he was mistaken, and would have gone away, had his wife not met him.

Hardly had he seen her, than he asked: "Well, Maria, are you satisfied now?" and related to her the manner in which he had come into possession of all this magnificence. "What!" answered his wife, "you

think and wonder what this is. I have seen much finer palaces than this in the city, while I was a servant there; but it will do;—but how could you be so stupid? You have forgotten the best. Look at the garments by the side of the beautiful house, what a distance they make! Could you not have wished beautiful clothes? But you are too stupid; you do not wish to use, even once, the little sense you have.”

Hans Doodledee went out the next morning at daybreak to the same place, dipped his net in again, and called as before: “Fishlein, Fishlein in the sea!” “What do you want, dear Hans Doodledee?” asked the little fish again. Hans did not think long this time, but said he wished right beautiful clothes for his wife and himself, which would suit their elegant palace. “You have them,” said the little fish. And Hans’ dirty rags were immediately changed into a beautiful suit, consisting of embroidered coat and vest with gilt buttons, and silk stockings, and shoes, everything according to the fashion at that time. When he got home he hardly knew his wife in her magnificent attire. On seeing him approach, she looked out of the window and asked, “Is that you, Hans?” “Yes, it is I, are you satisfied now?” “I’ll see,” answered she.

Thus they lived quietly on for a time. Once when her husband wanted to go afishing, she said: “Why need you fish? Let fishing alone, and wish rather instead a large chest full of money.” “Hm, that’s so!” thought Hans, and went out by the lake, dipped in his net at the same place, and cried as before: “Fishlein, Fishlein in the sea!” “What do you want, dear Hans Doodledee?” “I would like to have a large chest of money,” said Hans.

“Go on,” said the little fish, “in your bedchamber it stands.” When he got home he went immediately to his bedchamber, and sure enough, there, in a corner, stood a great big chest full of bright, shining gold pieces. Now everything was done in fine style; his wife bought horses and carriages, hired many servants, and lived in great state. Still the neighbors called her the haughty fisherwoman. That vexed her a great deal, and now her only wish was to be revenged on them.

Accordingly she besought Hans, who was compelled to do her bidding for the sake of peace, to make himself a ruler over their neighbors. The next morning, therefore, he went down to the lake, called the little fish, and told him he wished to be a duke and rule over his neighbors. The little fish, as usual, granted his request, and when he got home he found his wife had already had a couple of them put in prison who had called her haughty fisherwoman before.

Now they drove often into the city in which the king lived, and sought to mingle

in the society of the other dukes and princes of his court; but they did not know how to behave themselves and were laughed at by all; and several of the ladies called her fish-duchess and him fish-duke. She was very angry at this, and teased and coaxed her husband to make himself king, because she did not want to be fish-duchess any longer, but wanted to be queen.

Then Hans said: “Remember the time when we were poor, and only desired a house as good as the meanest one in our neighborhood. Now we have every thing in abundance, now let us have enough; let us be satisfied!” But she would hear nothing of being satisfied and said: “What! I shall allow myself to be called fish-duchess? I shall endure the haughtiness of the citizens’ wives? No, they must know who I am; I will show them. And you will be so stupid and allow it to suit you?” At last he promised to make her a queen. Accordingly he went out to the lake and cried: “Fishlein, Fishlein in the sea!” And the little fish asked, “What do you want, dear Hans Doodledee?” “I only wish to be made a king immediately, to please my wife.”

CHAPTER II.

“You are a king!” said the little fish. And when he arrived at his castle he found it splendidly altered and much larger. Marshals and ministers with gold keys and stars received him. His head became quite heavy, and he was about to take off his hat; but, behold! instead of his hat he had a heavy gold crown on his head. And you could hardly see his wife’s dress so thickly was it sprinkled with gold and jewels. Then he asked her if she was satisfied now. “Yes, until I can find something better. I would be a fool were I able to obtain something better, and did not take it.” Thus they lived on for a while satisfied, and king Doodledee’s wife wished for nothing more; for had she not everything?

But at last something *was* lacking. She had heard of a king who ruled over a much larger domain and had many more people than her husband. So there was nothing left for Hans to do, but promise to become the mightiest emperor on the earth. The next morning he dipped his net in the same place, and cried, as he had often done before, “Fishlein, Fishlein in the sea!”—“What do you want, King Doodledee?” “Oh Fishlein, do make me the greatest monarch in the world!” said he. And his wish was instantly fulfilled.

When he had arrived at his palace he found the ambassadors from all kingdoms and parts of the globe; poor poets with poems, of his prowess, printed on satin; schoolteachers who needed better pay, were there in abundance, with supplications;

chamberlains, with hats under their arms, went back and forth; sentinels paced up and down; a magnificent carriage, with twenty beautiful horses, twenty postillions, and twenty runners, stood ready to drive away at any moment it should please his most gracious majesty; birds and animals of every species, and of such number that it would be impossible to count them, were in the adjoining pleasure gardens. In short, everything was there which could please so great a monarch; even two court fools. The new emperor Doodledee was, in the beginning, very angry that these two foolish men always followed him wherever he went, and complained of it to his wife, because he would much rather be in the company of wise men than that of fools. But she told him that must be so, for all great noblemen had much rather have to deal with fools, he would not want to be an exception. So he put up with it, and was very glad his wife was satisfied. But the joy did not last long. He found her one day in her chamber very angry. "What's the matter with you?" he asked. "I am angry at the weather! it has been raining four days, and I want sunshine. I wish I could make everything that God can, that I could make spring, summer, autumn and winter whenever I wished. Go and ask the little fish to give me this power," and the idea pleased him also. Therefore, he went to the lake, dipped in his net, and cried:

"Fishlein, Fishlein in the sea!"

"What do you want, Emperor Doodledee?"

"Oh, nothing else, but my wife would like to do everything that God can; to make spring, summer, autumn, winter, rain and sunshine when it pleases her, will you not, dear Fishlein, give her this power?"

"So! and nothing more?" said the little fish; "no! no! Emperor Doodledee. I see that for yourself and your wife nothing is sufficient; therefore, be you again the poor fisherman Hans Doodledee; for at that time you were not so haughty and discontented as you are now." And the little fish vanished, a storm arose, and although Hans cried often enough, "Fishlein, Fishlein in the sea!" no little fish again asked, "What do you want, Hans Doodledee?" He stood there again, exactly as at the first, without anything, only in a pair of his old, dirty leather breeches, and was again the poor fisherman Doodledee. When he got home he found the castle gone, and in its place his old wooden hut. And his wife sat in it as before, in her old dirty clothes, and looked out of the hole as before; and as much as she wished, and quarrelled, and fretted, she remained always the wife of the poor fisherman, Hans Doodledee.

For dissatisfaction is indeed a hateful thing, and haughtiness and overbearing always carry their punishment with them.—*Wood's Magazine.*

BABY THUGHTS.

BY LUCY INGERSOLL.

I guess the sunset is God's paint-box,
Don't you, mamma dear?
I wish he'd let me see him paint
The brooks so silver clear.

I would love to see him color
The beautiful blue skies;
I think the paint was just the blue
He put into your eyes.

I guess the brushes he must use
Are the little gold sunbeams,
And when they're falling from his hand
We catch their quivering gleams.

O dear! just think how many paints
God has with colors bright;
There's gold, and blue, and scarlet,
And purple, and pure white.

And green, and pink, and violet;
But I cannot name them all;
And how bright he paints the flowers
With his golden brushes small.

I guess the birds we see, mamma,
Are flowers with shining wings;
They whirl in circles through the air,
Like blue and scarlet rings.

And every spring I guess, mamma,
God sends his angels round
To scatter through the earth and air
His blossoms o'er the ground.

I am almost sure the little stars
That glimmer through the night
Are the stones the angels play with,
The baby angels bright.

I guess God takes the buttercups
And dips them in the sun,
Then drops them through the meadows
When the night is coming on.

I guess, I guess I'm sleepy;
Please ask the daisies white
To pray for me to Heaven,
For I am tired out to-night.

The sunny curls are drooping,
The baby's day is done;
Her head sinks softly on my arm,
Like a second golden sun.

—*Christian Union.*

The Home.

A PLEA FOR WORKING-GIRLS.

So much theory has been advanced in connection with the working-girl question that if it were good for anything, every girl who is obliged to earn her own living by the labor of her hands would be glad to obtain a comfortable home in any gentleman's house, who could afford to pay good wages, and the army of sewing-girls would be so much reduced, in fact would be so nearly disbanded, that ladies would be compelled to become their own dressmakers, because sewing-girls could not be employed, inasmuch as they had forsaken their tiresome, monotonous, ill-paid work, in order to labor where they could have the shelter of a good home, a plentifully supplied table and good wages, which they could either save or squander, as they pleased.

Theories, as a general thing will not bear to be closely scanned, and those persons who are in the habit of being carried away by a pleasant theory had better wait until they have seen it reduced to practice before giving it their full credence.

The good home obtained by hired girls, of which we hear so much, usually consists in a small, basement kitchen, which the occupant is seldom allowed to leave, except it is to perform some labor elsewhere, and as soon as her labor is performed she is again compelled to retire to her den, for den it has become to her. But if a hired girl wants to leave this small, gloomy, insufficiently-lighted room, with its plentifully supplied table surrounded with pots and kettles and wash-tubs, and resort to her needle, with its promise of cleaner, lighter, and more attractive labor, the idea of such a desire is too preposterous, too absurd to be entertained for a moment.

If this occupant of a good home should, by chance, have any visitors, they are obliged to come to the kitchen door, unseen by the mistress, and, after spending a short time with her, retire the same way, like a sneak-thief who had no business upon the premises, which is, to say the least, irritating to the feelings of both parties, and the more galling in proportion as they are possessed of more sensitive natures.

If the girl, influenced by the gloom and silence of her room (and who is proof against surrounding influences), should have what the young lady up-stairs calls "a fit of the blues," she is stigmatized sullen,

morose and ill-tempered, and as such abused to the parlor visitors, who deem all hired girls indispensable, unmitigated nuisances, to be kept out of sight as much as possible.

Poor girls! is it any wonder that they refuse the offer of good homes, and well-supplied tables, and prefer to sew for just enough to pay their board, when, after the day's work is done, they can retire into the sanctity of their own rooms and entertain there as many friends as they choose?

Every girl expects and hopes sometime to be married, and frequently looks forward to her wedding-day as the ushering in of a life of love and happiness. The young lady in the parlor is allowed to entertain young gentlemen, with a view to matrimony, and often spends evenings in fond pleasure listening to the sweet nothings of the opposite sex.

The sewing girl, no matter how humble, or how poorly paid she may be, is at liberty after her day's work is done, to listen to the wooings of the other sex, and her life is relieved of much of its pain and bitterness by the ærial castles she builds of the time when she will have a home of her own, which, in fancy, she makes a very heaven on earth. The hired girl in the kitchen is too often deprived of this pleasure, and cut off from the supreme happiness of a woman's life. "No followers allowed" is one of the conditions imposed upon her. They are too often called ungrateful, when the fact is they have nothing for which to be grateful. They are called unkind and selfish, when the treatment they have received has tended to depress everything that is kindly in their natures, and bring out all that is harsh and hard in their composition.

About three years since, the late Mrs. Alexander, who was killed at the falling of the bridge in Dixon, informed me that she had a girl who had been in her family for ten years.

"How did you manage to keep her so long?" I enquired.

"By treating her as if she was a human being like myself, and taking an interest in her welfare. I persuaded her to save her money, and not spend it all in fine clothes; to be sure I have made her a present of two dresses every year, one at the fourth of July, and one at Christmas, and that has saved her something; and while she has

been with me she has laid by a hundred dollars every year, and she has now a thousand dollars in the National Bank at Dixon. I shall be very sorry when she leaves me, as she probably will, for I cannot expect her to remain unmarried always, for my sake. By-and-by she will be married to some good Irishman, who is as saving as she is, and they will put their earnings together and buy them a farm upon which they can live comfortably, till death calls them hence."

It is the duty of every lady who is at the head of a home to exercise supervision over all its inmates. She has a duty to perform toward her hired girl, toward any one who may be brought within her jurisdiction, as well as she has a duty to perform toward her own children, and she will be rewarded according to her deeds. If she takes as much interest in her girls as in her daughters, and strives to educate and elevate them, she will be repaid a hundred-fold in the loving service they will render. This may read to some like those fine theories which we condemned at the outset, but let me assure you, dear readers, that I am writing from experience, and not from theory. My experience with hired girls is that they served me in proportion as I earned their services. This expression, too, will undoubtedly sound strange to some; what! earn their services? Do we not pay for them? Yes, dear lady, you do indeed pay for eye service; but that which comes from a heart gushing with grateful affection, the service that thinks no sacrifice too great, no labor too hard to minister to the one claiming service, can never be paid in dollars and cents. It must be earned, and earned, too, in some cases, with the outlay of considerable time and patience,—*Ladies' Own Magazine*.

HOW TO VISIT THE SICK.

BY ETHEL C. GALE.

Have the readers invalid friends. and do they wish to fulfil the injunction of St. Paul, and visit the sick in their affliction, bringing comfort and healing with them? Then they will not take amiss a few hints from one who has had much experience.

You will choose the time for your call with reference to what you know of your friend's habits of occupation or of rest. In general, the best time will be between 3 and 7 p. m. There is something in the very fact of a new morning that cheers the heart, and renders human society less essential, while the evening hours should never be infringed upon by even the pleasant excitement of a welcome visitor, lest the invalid suffer from subsequent wakefulness.

When you enter the room, you will not imagine that it is necessary to adopt any other than your natural manner if you were making a call upon Mrs. Jones in her parlor. You will not call out with a great affectation of heartiness or arrogance of health:

"What are you lying here for? Why don't you get out of this? You must find your room a very nice sort of place, or you wouldn't be so fond of staying in it." All of which remarks are highly irritating to the poor, helpless creature, who longs for nothing in the world so much as to "get out of this," and whose sensitive nerves are set all a-quiver with pain by the sound of a high-pitched voice.

Avoiding the extremes of loudness and heartiness, do not fall into their opposites, and enter with a deep set of over-careful gentleness, and with a preternatural solemnity of visage, and in a deeply-sepulchral tone whisper that you "hope"—the while maintaining a most hopeless expression of countenance—"you hope your dear sufferer has felt a little better to-day. But does she not look a little paler—a little more languid perhaps?" By this time it is very probable that she does, for an invalid's spirits are as sensitive as a barometer, and such words and tones are as depressing as an approaching simoon.

Less depressing but more exasperating is the effort which some well-intentioned persons make to put in practice the general maxim: "Always bring a cheerful face to the bedside of the sick." With this ever before their mind's eye, yet without a rational idea of what cheerfulness consists in, these misguided individuals will drive one into a mild frenzy by their convulsive attempts at laughter without cause.

Having entered the room, you will choose your seat. You think this a matter of small consequence perhaps. In that case you will be very apt to drop yourself down on a chair standing a little back of Mrs. Jones' head, so that she shall be compelled to twist her neck and roll back her eyes to look at you. Should she become silent and almost uncivil, pardon her. Your choice of a seat has given her a wretched headache, and she cannot help but wish that you would go. But if you have chosen your position near to her bed or chair, and facing its occupant, you have done something towards making your visit a blessing.

Of course, if Mrs. Jones is very desirous to talk about herself or her ailments, you will not violently change the subject, for it may sometimes be a real comfort to invalids to speak freely to those who are not members of their families of the sufferings which they would fain conceal from those who love them best. On the other hand, while your manner will manifest a tender interest in the pains you cannot help, you will not "pester" Mrs. Jones with questions about

her aches and pains; into the "how" of this, and the "why" of that; and you will religiously keep to yourself all the suggestions that may arise in your mind in regard to remedies, etc., remembering that the physician and nurse, not the patient, are the persons to whom conversation on such subjects should be addressed.

If you see that Mrs. Jones is disposed to talk too much, and fear that she will feel exhausted after you are gone, don't ask her the falsehood-provoking questions, "Oughtn't I to go now? Shall I not tire you by staying too long?" Take pity upon the poor thing, and don't compel her to the choice between rudeness and evasion of the truth, which, in a polite person, nearly always ends by shoving truth to the wall. The better way is to take no apparent notice that your friend is talking too much, but to gently assume the direction of the conversation; or if you have reason to fear that you are staying too long, you should take your departure as easily and quietly as you entered, remembering that many short calls are far better than few long ones.

A topic to be strictly avoided is that of eating. There are few invalids to whom this is not obnoxious. Yet, if you will observe, you shall find that nine times out of ten, when the invalid's present condition of health, or want of it, and the state of the weather have been disposed of, "What can you eat?" is the inevitable next question. Many invalids require to be surprised into the possession of an appetite. They must be allowed to forget that there is such a thing until reminded by the unexpected presence of some delicate preparation to tempt it forth, and all the well-laid plans of the careful nurse may be ruined by your thoughtless question.

If your friend enjoys reading, there will be nothing so pleasant to her as a talk over a new publication, or an old one endeared by pleasant associations. Even if her tastes do not run in this direction, you may easily interest by repeating some idea, or story, or description that you have lately read, if only you are yourself interested, not, however, to the point of excitement. Excitement is contagious, and what may be to you only a pleasurable degree of it, may be a painful, even a dangerous degree to an invalid.

Or, you may make your friend a partaker of some enjoyment of your own, a party, a walk, a drive; you may take with you a picture, a flower, a book, a new bit of fancy-work; you may tell of the funny sayings and doings of the little folks, or the equally comical ways of their elders. Anything that will excite pleasant laughter is desirable for the sick. The smallest particulars of local or family gossip also, if told in the spirit of the charity that hopeth all things,

are pleasant and healthful, tending to excite an interest in others.

Religious conversation, in the sense of a talk about religion, should in general be avoided; but conversation upon any topic may be so imbued with the Christian spirit, that we may be unconsciously invigorated by it, as by the air we breathe, without thinking of it. Physicians who often object to so-called "religious conversation" as exciting, can find no ground for complaint with this. The spirit of Christ is healing, as the wounded heart that has been bathed in that flood knows well; so we should never be afraid to let all our talk partake as much as possible of that spirit, though we would avoid all the technicalities of sects, or trivial enquiries into the occupations, etc., of a future state. We mention this particularly, having observed that the physical system is frequently injured by talk of this kind.

It is the possession of a loving spirit, which is, after all, the most important thing for one who would visit the sick. Never fear but that if you feel pitifully and lovingly and unselfishly toward them, you will be always an acceptable, a joy-giving visitor; one of whom the poor invalids shall say in their heart, "We have been entertained by an angel unawares."—*Christian Weekly*.

GROWING GIRLS.

There is a time when girls are awkward, indolent, and capricious. Their boisterous spirits at one time, their sickly minanderies at another, are very trying to mother and teacher. The cause is set down as depravity, when it is only nature. Girls are lapsed and indolent because they are weak or languid, between which and laziness there is a vast difference. They have demanding appetites that strike grown people with wonder, and go frantic on short notice when their wishes are crossed. Mother, your growing girl is weak. The nursery bath Saturday night is not enough. Encourage her to take a sponge-bath every day. When she comes in heated from a long walk or play, see that she bathes her knees and elbows and feet in cold water, to prevent her growing nervous with fatigue when the excitement is over. See to it that she is not too warmly dressed, and that she does not suffer from cold, remembering a plump, active child will suffer with heat under the clothes it takes to keep you comfortable; and if she is thin and sensitive, care must be taken against sudden chills. Keep her on very simple but well-flavored diet, with plenty of sour fruit, if she craves it, for the young have a facility for growing bilious, which acids correct. Sweet pickles not too highly

spiced are favorites with children, and are better than sweetmeats. Nuts and raisins are more wholesome than candies. New cheese and cream are to be preferred to butter with bread and vegetables. Soup and a little of the best and juiciest meat should be given at dinner. But this miscellaneous stuffing that half-grown girls are allowed to indulge in ruins their complexion, temper, and digestion. No coffee or tea should be taken by any human being till it is full-grown. The excitement of young nerves by these drinks is more than the benefit derived from them. Besides, the luxury and the stimulus are greater to the adult when debarred from these things through childhood. Neither mind nor body should be worked till maturity. Children will do all they ought in study and work without much urging; and they will learn and keep more in two hours of study to five of play than if the order is inverted. Say to a child, Get this lesson and you may go to play, and you will be astonished to see how rapidly it learns; but if one lesson is to succeed another till six dreary hours have dragged away, it loses heart, and learns merely what cannot well be helped. A girl under eighteen ought not to practice at the piano or sit at a desk more than three-quarters of an hour at a time. Then she should run out-of-doors ten minutes, or exercise, to relieve the nerves. An adult never ought to study or sit more than an hour without brief change before passing to the next. This keeps the head clearer, the limbs fresher, and carries one through a day with less fatigue than if one worked eight hours and then rested four.

I do not share the prejudice against braces and backboards for keeping the figure straight, especially when young. It is instinctive with barbarous nations to use such aids in compelling erectness in their children. These appliances need not be painful in the least, but rather give tender muscles and bones welcome relief. Languid girls should take cool sitz-baths to strengthen the muscles of the back and hips, more than ordinarily susceptible of fatigue when childhood is left. But *never* talk of a girl's feelings in mind or body before her, or suffer her to dwell on them. The effect is bad physically and mentally. See that these injunctions are obeyed implicitly; spare her the whys and wherefores. It is enough for her to know that she will feel better for them. Of all things, deliver us from valetudinarians of fifteen. Never laugh at them; never sneer; never indulge them in self-condolings. Be pitiful and sympathetic, but steadily turn their attention to something interesting outside of themselves. Special means are essential to special growth. Throwing quoits and sweeping are good exercises to develop the

arms. There is nothing like three hours of house-work a day for giving a woman a good figure, and if she sleeps in tight cosmetic gloves she need not fear her hands will be spoiled. Veils she should discard, except in cold and windy weather, when they should be drawn close over the head. A broad-leafed hat for the country is protection enough for the summer; the rest of the year the complexion needs all the sun it can get.

There is commonly a want of fullness in the muscles of the shoulder which give its graceful curve. This is best developed by the use of the skipping-rope in swinging it over the head, and by battledoor, which keeps the arms extended, at the same time using the muscles of the neck and shoulders. Swinging by the hands from a rope with a stick crossed in the end is capital, and so is swinging from a bar. These muscles are the last to receive exercise in common modes of life, and playing ball, bean-bags or pillow fights, are convenient ways of using them. Singing scales with corsets off, shoulders thrown back, lungs deeply inflated, mouth wide open, and breath held, is the best tuition for insuring that fullness to the upper part of the chest which gives majesty to a figure even when the bust is meager. These scales should be practiced half an hour morning and afternoon, gaining two ends at once, increase of voice and perfection of figure.—*Harper's Bazar*.

BABY AND BABY'S NURSE.

How closely soever woman may find shut against her certain avenues of human endeavor, she has been left in undisputed possession of one field for the display of her energies. In one department of skill it hath not pleased the lords of creation to compete with the weaker sex. As a nurse, and more particularly the nurse of young infants, woman may act without let or hindrance. Compassion or necessity may, indeed, tempt some tender-hearted man to assume, temporarily, the functions of nurse, but let a woman approach, and how cheerfully, how gracefully, will the post of duty be resigned to her as hers of right, and as a matter of course!

It is questionable whether any avocation so speedily becomes its own reward as that of nursing a young infant. That nurse must be indeed bereft of every feeling of sentiment who does not feel a little nearer heaven while contemplating the innocence of her young charge, whose very helplessness makes so strong an appeal to the tenderness of her nature. Love seems spontaneously to spring up in the heart of a nurse toward her nursling, and I have heard an old negro woman declare that she

could never again undertake the office, because it was too painful to her to give up her babies, as she was compelled to do in changing her employers. How instinctive is the prompting to cherish whatever is younger and weaker than ourselves is strikingly demonstrated in the case of children themselves. In a large family with slender means it is beautiful to see with what open-hearted rejoicing a new baby is welcomed. How protectingly and admiringly the little band hover around the youngest and tenderest of them all! By-the-way, such tender mercies may be cruel, as was witnessed the other day in my friend's family, when, upon occasion of nurse having unwarily turned her back, little Sadie, three years old, was found stuffing her baby sister's mouth with her own dinner, consisting of chicken and rice, wedging it in with a large silver fork. *Il n'importe*. The prompting love was all the same. With what an air of conscious superiority and benignity Jemmie, who can just totter alone, looks down upon " 'tittle sissie" in arms!

And who shall say how mighty are the deeds to spring from these budding germs of benevolence? Let them swell those buds of brotherly kindness, shielded by the fostering care of parental watchfulness! In the after-struggle to come with the selfishness of the world, memories of the disinterested affection poured forth to bless our childhood will invest us with a panoply of faith in the charities of our race strong enough to withstand many an onset of temptation urging us not to believe in any good.

The attractiveness of the theme has beguiled us into generalities, when we meant to confine ourselves to a few specific directions for the treatment of new-born babies.

The very first charge to give a nurse is to remember that, small though the little creatures are, they still must breathe. Do not cover the baby's face, as is yet the manner of some nurses. Accustom a child from the first to inhale fresh air, taking the precaution to protect the top and back of the head, so as to be shielded from exposure to draughts of air. So simple a direction may seem trivial, but the following occurrence, happening under the writer's own observation, proves that it may not be wholly superfluous. Two uncommonly intelligent ladies, calling upon the mother of an infant two weeks old, expressed a wish to see the child. The mother, being called away, left them, and when she returned to the bedside found that the ladies had drawn the blankets so closely that in a few more minutes there would have been no further need for care: the little creature was well-nigh smothered.

Careful tenderness is the next requisite for a nurse to possess. Gentleness may be

cultivated. The mere rough handling of a baby's feeble frame may cause discomfort amounting to pain. Be gentle in touch if you would nurse successfully. Have you never seen a crying child soothed and hushed by a mere transfer from the arms of one person to those of another more gentle and motherly?

Remember to keep the baby warm. Colic, that scourge of the first month of babyhood, may be in a great measure warded off by simply observing to maintain the baby's body at proper temperature. Especially guard the feet from cold. A baby kept always dry and warm will seldom be troubled with colic.

Washing and dressing baby is the important event of the day to a young mother, and no trifling duty is it to perform. Let the nurse choose an hour when she may uninterruptedly go through her task, a place where her charge shall not be exposed to cold. Use tepid water, so as to occasion no shock to the child, and submerge the whole body as soon as the navel is perfectly healed. Let the process be as rapid as is consistent with thoroughness, and rub well with a soft towel until reaction is produced. Every piece of clothing, after being well aired and warmed, should be arranged in proper order and hung near by, so as to be put on without delay or running about from place to place with the naked child in one's arms (as is often done) to procure essentials that should all have been provided beforehand. Dip a clean linen rag in water before proceeding to do the rest of the washing, and wipe off thoroughly the coating of curdled milk adhering to the tongue, gums, and roof of the mouth. By a daily attention to this direction all danger of thrush is removed.

Secure the clothes firmly, but by inserting two fingers between the flannel band and child's body, as you are pinning it on, make sure of not fastening it too tightly.

Do not feed a baby every time it cries, but aim to have regular hours for giving it nourishment. Three hours is a good interval to allow between the meals, but be certain that the supply is adequate to the infant's wants at those times. Underfed children will be fretful; overfed children will be sickly. No directions, however explicit, can supply the lack of constant, unremitting watchfulness on the part of a nurse. Mother-love fortunately does not often need a reminder, yet even such love can always take the place of experience. She, then, is not a wise mother who does not gladly avail herself of hints meant to aid her in the discharge of her important if lowly task of striving in the first days of infancy to lay those foundations of vigorous, robust health that are the best mere earthly blessing that can be bequeathed to man.—*Harper's Bazar*.

SUZY RAY AT HOME.

To-day I put the last stitch in my rug, and sewed the strips together. Oh, how well it looks! I am sure a strip of Brussels carpeting would not give me half the pleasure. Here I have worked in a pair of Nellie's little red stockings, there a strip of mother's old merino dress. Then some bits of bright blue left from my sack. There is a faded ribbon, and next is an old shirt sleeve of Stephen's. It is as good as an "album quilt" to me. I can knit and read very well, so I have never missed the time I have spent over it. Mother says it is a very good plan. She learned it to when she was a little girl, and says it saved her a great many good hours for reading she would not otherwise have had. Her grandmother used to be afraid she would drop stitches, and do her work badly, but when she came to look it over she could find no fault with it. Still, she could never quite believe but that it was best to "do one thing at a time." Mother says she would gladly do three things at a time if she could do them all well.

"Always make your head save your feet, Suzy," she says to me. "In that way you can accomplish a third more every day." She makes a little plan for all the day's meals when she is preparing breakfast, so there is no trouble and worry about it when the time comes. To-day, for instance, I prepared the potatoes for dinner while she was baking breakfast cakes. Then she covered with flour, and seasoned the bit of meat she meant to bake, and set it away in a dripping pan, all ready to put in the oven at eleven o'clock. The rice was already on the back of the stove, waiting to be made into a pudding, which mother did while I cleaned half a cup full of raisins to sprinkle in. That was not all, for mother had set on the stove a cup full of dried cherries to stew for tea, and when she moulded her bread she saved out a little dough and made up a tin of biscuit for supper. Father always likes her light biscuit. There is a jar of cookies in the store room, which is not often empty, so we always have some sort of cake ready. "I always like to do up as much work as I can in the morning," mother says. "That gives us so much more leisure through the day."

We almost always have the afternoon to sew and read in, until it is time to set the table for tea.

I know some people who do work so differently. They never seem to plan any beforehand. When it is time to get a meal ready they are in a great flutter to know what they can get. It seems to be a great deal more trouble for them to do housework. I am sure I like my mother's way the best.—*Methodist*.

YEAST AND BREAD.

YEAST.—Put in the yeast-jar three pints of flour, one table spoonful of salt, one of sugar, and half that quantity of ginger. Boil four good sized potatoes in three pints of water; when cooked, mash smoothly and put into the jar also. Throw into the same water a handful of fresh, or two tea-spoonfuls of pressed hops, and boil fifteen minutes; then strain the hops, and if the water has boiled away, add enough to make up the three pints. Bring the water again to a boil, and pour it boiling hot into the yeast-jar, upon the flour, potatoes, etc., beating all very thoroughly together. When about lukewarm, stir in a cup of yeast, and let it stand in a warm place, till it is light. When perfectly light, cover your jar tightly, and set in a cool place.

BREAD.—Before making your sponge, or bread, if you prefer not to sponge it, set the flour by the range, or fire, to dry a short time. Melt a piece of butter the size of an egg in a pint of milk, or if milk is not plenty, use half water. When lukewarm put in a cup of home-made, or a penny worth of bakers' yeast, and two small tea-spoonfuls of salt; make a hole in the centre of the flour and stir this in; strew a little flour over the top, cover with a thick cloth, over which put a small crib blanket, which should always be kept for the purpose. (It is well to keep a nice, flat stick in the drawer with the bread cloths and blanket, to lay across the bread pan, to prevent the cloth from falling into the sponge.) If the sponge is made at night, set it in a warm place till morning; then add half a pint more of warm milk, or milk and water, and make the whole into a dough just stiff enough to knead. Then, folding the fingers over the thumb, knead and beat the dough, first with one hand, and then with the other, till it no longer adheres to your hands. This done, take it on to your bread-board, and beat it ten or fifteen minutes longer, with a long handled pounder, something like a potato masher, but much heavier, and then put it back into the bread pan to raise. When well raised, which may be known by the cracks on the top of the dough, take it again on to your board, knead ten minutes; then make it up into loaves and set in the bake-pans to rise once more, before going into the oven.

One hour should bake it. When done take it out and wrap a bread-cloth round each loaf, and turn top down into the pan, that the steam may soften the crust.

Excellent bread can be made without the "sponging," but "setting sponge" first, is security against much waste, in case yeast or flour should not prove satisfactory.

Have patience to pound and knead long enough, and you can hardly fail of having good bread. Much kneading makes the bread white and fine.

SELECTED RECIPES.

BAKED HAM.—If the ham has been long hung put it on in cold water and let it come to a boil, when this water should be turned off. After trimming from the under side all rusty and smoked parts return to the kettle with sufficient hot water to cover it. Bring it gradually to a boil, and as the scum rises carefully remove it. Keep it simmering gently until tender, being careful that it does not stop boiling nor boil too quickly. A ham weighing 15 pounds will require about five hours. When done let it remain in the water until *nearly* cold; this will retain the juices. After removing the skin stick whole cloves in the fat about an inch apart each way, and sprinkle the surface with powdered crackers. Bake the ham in a moderately hot oven for from three quarters of an hour to an hour. When taken from the oven place a frill of paper around the knuckle, and garnish the dish with fresh or fried parsley leaves.

OYSTER SOUP.—Put into a stew-pan the liquor from 9 dozen oysters. When hot put in the oysters to scald but not boil; strain the liquor; add 3 pints of water, and simmer for half an hour. In the meanwhile dissolve half oz. of gelatine in 3 pints of boiling water. After again straining the oyster liquor, add the melted gelatine with salt, cayenne, and mace, to taste; bring it to a boil, add 3 table-spoonfuls of butter rubbed in with 1½ do. of flour, simmer for 5 minutes, then stir in rapidly 1½ pint of boiling cream (sweet) or good, new milk, pour the whole over the oysters in the tureen and serve.

ROASTING PORK.—A small incision is made in the meat, and stuffed with a little chopped onion, seasoned with sage, pepper, and salt. Pork should always be thoroughly cooked. The fat should be removed from the brown gravy, a little water added, but no flour; boiled, and sent to table in a gravy-dish. Apple-sauce, onion-sauce, and fresh-boiled potatoes, are the necessary accompaniments.

ROAST GOOSE.—A young goose, when nicely roasted, is almost as good as a turkey, and some people prefer it to turkey; but a good many cooks do not know just how it should be prepared. The following recipe is from a skilful and experienced housekeeper, and can be relied upon by non-experts in the cooking of this famous fowl. The goose should be about eight months old, and the fatter it is the more tender and juicy will be the meat. Kill it at

least twenty-four hours before it is cooked; remove all the feathers, and pass a lighted paper over the whole outside surface to singe it thoroughly. After drawing, remove everything not eatable from the neck and body, and all the loose fat, which should be tried out by itself. Use the giblets for a pie or for a relish at supper. They will need to be stewed several hours. The stuffing for a goose should be made of two large onions chopped fine, a table-spoonful of pulverized sage, a tea-spoonful of black pepper, two tea-spoonfuls of salt, and a pint or more of bread crumbs. Close the openings firmly by stitching, to keep the flavor of the stuffing in and the fat out. If the goose is not very fat, lay a slice of fat pork on the breast when the fowl is put into the oven; add no water; baste every half hour with fat from the pan. Two hours in a hot oven will cook it thoroughly; it should be nicely browned, sides, back, and all. Then take the goose from the pan, and when the fat has stopped spitting, pour it gently into the dripping pot. To the brown gravy left add the gravy from the giblets, bring to a boil, salt, if necessary, and serve; no flour should be added.

Apple-sauce and onion-sauce are proper accompaniments to roast goose. The onions must be boiled till soft and chopped fine; then for a dozen onions boil a pint of milk, add a bit of butter, a little salt, and thicken with a table-spoonful of flour mixed with water; then add the onions, taking great care that the mixture does not burn.

Roast ducks are exceeding good cooked according to the above directions and served with green peas, which may be had in cans of the grocer. Celery-sauce, instead of onion-sauce, is used with roast duck. This is made thus: cut the heads of celery in pieces two or three inches long, and boil till tender; then to half a pint of cream or milk add the well-beaten yolks of two eggs, a little salt, a bit of butter, and half a grated nutmeg; make it hot, but not boiling; pour over the celery and serve.

The feet, necks, wings, gizzards, livers, hearts, and heads, boiled all together till tender, poured into a deep dish, seasoned with pepper and salt, covered with a rich crust, and baked till the pastry is done, make an excellent pie, eaten cold or hot.—*Mrs. Hunnibie.*

APPLE CUSTARD TARTS.—Peel, core, and stem Spitzenburg or Greening apples till they can be passed through a sieve; to 1 lb. sifted apple add ¼ lb. of butter rubbed with 1 lb. of powdered sugar, the grated rind of a lemon, and 1 grated nutmeg; beat separately the yolks and whites of 9 eggs; stir in with the sugar, etc., 1 qt. of sweet cream, and add to the whole the beaten eggs; beat well together and pour into pie-plates bor-

dered or lined with puff paste ; bake in a moderate oven until the custard has " set."

CORN ROOLS.—Take cornmeal of medium fineness, say one half pint; scald it well with boiling water; add one-half pint of cold water, and beat out all the lumps, then add another half-pint of water, and sift and stir in about one quart of wheat meal, or enough to make the batter a trifle thicker than for wheat-meal batter biscuit; and bake like the latter, on the top first, in a hot oven, only from ten to fifteen minutes longer. When dished, cover with a folded towel; or, if the crust be too hard, put into a covered vessel for ten or fifteen minutes. If eaten sooner they will be found soft or sticky.

A **JOHNNY CAKE** can be made in precisely the same manner, only a little thicker, and baked in a loaf one or two inches deep, in a hot oven, for an hour or an hour and a half. This is a standard dish in many a family. It is, however, rarely uniform throughout. Near the edges, where the heat fixes the paste before the air has time to escape it is much lighter than in the middle. It is therefore, more porous if baked in small tins. Still in no part will it be heavy and indigestible. Even when stirred much thinner than the gems, so that it settles flat when turned into the pan, and appears to be entirely lacking in porosity when baked, it may be soft and eat pleasantly. I have seen it preferred and used for years, by those who know how to make it, thicker and lighter. For myself I prefer the lighter, through I would not have it so dry as to require much dressing. Like the rolls, it is better to stand covered from twenty to thirty minutes after being removed from the oven. Its preparation requires too much time to admit of its being served at an early breakfast—and indeed, for any breakfast it will be likely to be too much hurried, but it makes an excellent bread for dinner.

BAKED PEACH PUDDING.—Make boiling hot 2 pts. of sweet cream or new milk, and pour upon $1\frac{1}{2}$ pt. of bread crumbs; when half cold add the juice of a lemon squeezed upon $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. powdered sugar, and the well whisked yolks of 8 egg; mixed with the 2 qts. canned peaches; put a border of rich paste around a baking-dish, and bake from $\frac{1}{2}$ to $\frac{3}{4}$ hour; have ready, whisked to a foam, the whites of the eggs, and when the pudding is done spread over its top and return to the oven for a moment to slightly brown the top.

POTATO CAKE.—Pare some steamed or well-boiled dry potatoes; pound them in a mortar, adding to them butter and milk, in which sugar has been dissolved. When the potatoes have been thoroughly well

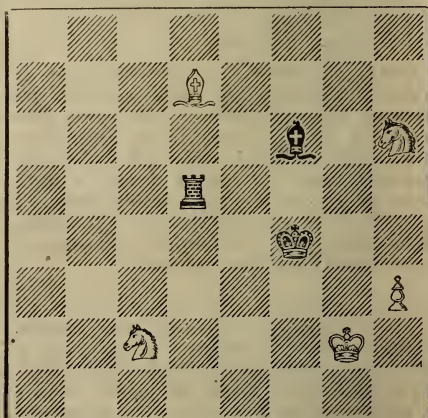
beaten and mixed, boil the paste, and pour it into a basin to cool, after which add to it the yolks of eight eggs, a sufficient quantity of sugar, the whites of four eggs, beaten to a snow, and two spoonfuls of orange-flower water. Butter well the inside of a mould, and sprinkle over the sides some bread-crumbs, and pour in the mixture. Let it bake until of a good color, and turn it out on a dish. If eaten hot, serve it with sauce.

PASTRY SANDWICHES.—Roll good paste quite thin and lay on a baking-sheet of tin; spread on the paste apricot, greengage, or any preserve preferred; lay over this another thin paste, press together at the edges, and mark the paste in diagonal lines with a knife, to show where to cut it when baked; a short time before it is done remove from the oven, brush over with the white of an egg, into which sift sugar, and put back in the oven to color; when cold cut into diamonds, pile pyramidically, and serve it hot or cold.

CRANBERRIES.—After being picked over and washed, should be put on the fire with water enough to cover them, and 1 pound of sugar to 1 of fruit, simmer slowly until the whole is reduced to a jelly-like mass; press into molds which have been dipped in water. When cold turn on flat plates or jelly stands.

CHESS.

Problem No. 8.
Black.



White,

White to play and mate in three moves.

White.—King at K. Kt. 2nd. R. at Q. 5th. B. at R. 7th. Kts. at R. B. 2nd. and K. R. 6th. P. at K. R. 3rd.

Black.—King at K. B. 4th. B. at K. B. 3rd.

Literary Notices.

ON THE "MAPLE LEAVES" OF
J. M. LEMOINE.

BY THOMAS STORROW BROWN.

Considering the small encouragement to authorship in our Dominion, it requires no small effort to write at all; and many acknowledgments are due to the good nature of Mr. Lemoine for giving to the public, in late years, a series of papers styled "Maple Leaves," illustrating things particularly Canadian. They are generally of the character known as "light reading,"—many written off-hand from self-memory of persons or events, and others with more research into the records of the past, or reminiscences of the living, but all quite good enough for the great majority of readers, for whom it is hardly worth the while of any author to strain his brain to any great intensity. It is a work of unrecompensed supererogation to expend much labor in ascertaining exact names, dates, or places, or in avoiding anachronisms, for those whose vague memories only jumble these things, however correctly narrated, and who would discern nothing but a well-turned sentence in "*De mortuis nil nisi bonum*," as Cicero said to the elder Pliny, when supping at the "Three Taverns," and Lydia announced the death of Nero. Nor is there necessity for embodying much thought in compositions intended for those who can only swallow it in small quantities, sugar-coated over by pages of respectably selected verbiage.

But let all this pass *en parenthèse*, without application to Mr. Lemoine, who, having been before the public as a clever writer for a dozen years, has become a *litterateur* quite capable of compiling most interesting little books out of the preserved records of our history; and the legends not forgotten by the old, in remote or isolated parishes, which, if well collected and edited, would

be far more interesting and amusing to us, at all events, than the similar "folklore" picked up among Teutonics and Scandinavians. Published in *brochures* of 100 to 150 pages they would supersede much of what the world is sickened with, and find ready sale, especially for the railroad and steamboat reading of tourists. These gentlemen, who travel for the delights of fresh scenery, are quite prone to bury their eyes, without looking up, when in the midst of it, so completely are they engrossed in the last "yellow cover," purchased at twenty-five cents, and there would be some compensation if the book read related to the country that they passed through, without seeing.

We know not yet what may be Mr. Lemoine's qualifications as a writer of fiction, or of those composite works so popular in modern times, where certain historical facts may be called the "air," and the general plot (very correctly) the "variations;" but in these we have in Canada a virgin mine of surpassing richness, from which some diligent worker will some day extract treasures intellectual, and, if the bathos can be permitted, "pecuniary."

Though Verdi found events in Boston for his *Ballo in Maschiera*, or rather found in Boston a place for his events, the plain New Englander, confined to the tame concernment of a small State, within small limits, complete with practical, plain government, plain religion, and abundance of plain good living, furnishes few materials for romance; but the missionaries of France, singly or in pairs, carrying the doctrines of the Cross through thousands of miles of forest; and the noblest blood of that nation, carrying conquest, with the chivalry of the Crusades, to the Hudson, the Ohio, the Mississippi, the lakes, and the icy seas of the north, have sowed the land with facts which cannot be thought

upon without exciting an exuberant growth of fancy, as something necessary to fill a void, and explain the phenomena of self-sacrifice and devotion.

Mr. Lemoine has recently republished, in one volume, dedicated to Her Excellency the Countess of Dufferin, twenty-four of his sketches, bearing the title at the head of this article: (1.) "Iberville," (Lemoine d'Iberville) born in Montreal, 1642, who became a great commander, marching, in 1685, with a party of eighty-two from Montreal to Hudson's Bay, where he captured all the English forts and ships in that quarter. In 1699 he took possession, for France, of the mouths of the Mississippi, where his name still marks a river. (2.) Is the story of "Dollard Des Ormeaux," who in 1669, with a small band of devoted young men, threw himself into an advanced post to arrest the march of approaching savages, and battled till all fell a sacrifice. (3.) Of "De Breboeuf and Lalement," Missionaries to the Hurons of Lake Simcoe, and suffering death in its most terrible form rather than desert those they had labored to save, when the Iroquois, in exterminating bands, came upon them. (4.) The old legend of the "Bell of St. Regis," which is shown to be merely a pleasant fiction. (5.) "The Baron of Longueuil." Charles Le Moyne, created Baron by Louis XIV, in 1700, progenitor of the present Baron de Longueuil, and the family that for more than two centuries has stood amongst the foremost of the land, and retains possession of the Seigneurie of Longueuil, where their gallant forefather had a baronial stronghold, supported by towers, enclosing a church and many buildings, "bearing all the insignia of nobility." (6.) "The Heroine of Verchères"—Mlle. de Verchères. This Canadian maid of Zarragossa, in 1690, then only twelve years old, musket in hand, which she knew how to use, encouraged the new inmates of her father's fort, successfully, to repel an attack of Indians. (7.) "Major Robert Stobo," whose first appearance as the flashy Captain of Virginia troops, raised by Governor Dinwiddie, and delivered as a hostage to the French after the affair of the "great meadows." Acting the part of spy, condemned to death, making his es-

cape, he became a Major under Gen. Wolfe—altogether a life of strange vicissitudes. (8.) "Cadioux the old Voyageur." One of a race everywhere seen fifty years ago, but now nearly extinct, who, employed by the fur-traders, led most of their lives among savages, outside the limits of civilization, by whom he was hunted down in the end, which is commemorated by a poetical "lament." (9.) "A select tea-party at the General Hospital Convent, in 1759," where the gallant Captain Knox could not swallow the beverage "as black as ink," for, only used in the hospital as a medicine, it had been boiled down. (10.) "The loss of the 'Auguste.'" This is a narrative of the loss of the ship in which Saint-Luc le Corne embarked at Quebec, on the 15th of October, 1761, with over one hundred of the principal French inhabitants, who left the British rule to return to their old allegiance in France. Stranded on the coast of Cape Breton, on the 15th November, all but six sailors and Saint-Luc, perished. (11) "*Le chien d'or*." A discussion upon the well-known dog and legend, over the door of the old post office, Quebec. (12) "Feudal Customs and Rights," an essay on Royal Charters, with the usages and laws attendant. (13). "*Le droit de Grenouillage*," an essay on various ridiculous services connected with feudal tenures. (14). "A representative Man." Luc de chap de la Corne Saint-Luc, a commander of French and Indians in the capture of Fort Clinton, in 1747—at the French victory at Ticonderogo, in 1758—at the English victory on the Plains of Abraham, in 1759, and at the French victory of St. Foy, 1760. Shipwrecked in 1762, he became a faithful subject of His British Majesty, rendering signal services against the Americans in their war of Independence, (known to old Canadians by the less imposing title of *La revolte des Bostonais*.) He was a Legislative Councillor in 1774, battling for the political rights of his countrymen. (15). "U. E.

* Note.—Sitting on a bench at the St. Hilaire Station, waiting for a train, a hale man, ninety-five years old, taking a seat beside me, related many incidents of that locality, where he was born, and had continued to reside. One event, he said, had occurred *avant la revolte des Bostonais*, a phrase I had never heard before, though of old the Americans were always called "Bostonais."

Loyalists." Mostly a reprint of what others have written upon the devotion to the Crown of those Americans who fled from Republicanism, to what they considered the profit of monarchy.* (16). "Fraser's Highlanders," an abridged history of the 78th Regiment, first raised in 1737, and disbanded in 1764, after acting a conspicuous part in the campaign of 1759. The regiment was again raised in 1778, but the men disbanded in 1764, married and settled mostly below Quebec, where their descendants, French Canadians, with Scotch surnames, are now a puzzle to strangers. (17). "Canadian Names and Surnames." (18). "The Grave of Garneau." This paper contains the address of the Hon. Mr. Chauveau, delivered on the translation of the body of the historian to the private vault in Belmont cemetery, 15th September, 1867. (19). "Canadian Homes." An interesting paper on Pointe Platon, the Seigneur's house, and the De Lotbiniere family. (20). "The Birds of Canada," first delivered as a lecture in 1866, compiled with great labor and care; invaluable to the naturalist, and surprising to the ordinary reader, who has no idea of the varieties of the winged order which are found on our fields and forests, and on our waters. Had the author written nothing but this, he would be worthy of encomiums. (21). "Fin and Feather in Canada." The title must attract sportsmen, who will in the perusal find ample food for awakened curiosity. (22). "The Quebec Volunteers, 1837-'38." Of this more hereafter. (23). "Our Nationality, its Compound Parts."

* Note.—Some were the dupes and some the favorites of magnificent Royal promises. The father of my father left Boston when his loyalty rendered him obnoxious, with General Gage at the evacuation, on an assurance that the Royal Forces would return in great strength to replant the old flag. He died in privation and neglect; and my mother's mother fared little better; while her cousin, Sir John Wentworth, became Governor of Nova Scotia, and his wife, Lady Wentworth, a lady-in-waiting to the Queen. Sir John was on terms of great friendship and intimacy with the Duke of Kent, as may be seen by the following extract from one of the letters written to him, by His Royal Highness, on the birth of our present Gracious Queen:

"I have received your kind congratulations on the birth of our little girl, which you may be assured I highly appreciate as coming from one of my best and oldest friends. You will, I am sure, be pleased to hear that the Duchess has been able to suckle her child from the first, to the present moment, and both are doing remarkably well." T. S. B.

The limits of this magazine permits not a lengthened criticism on each of so many essays, all valuable to him who would know many things of Canada, past and present; and the hope is, that the mere enumeration here given, with accompanying remarks, may invite people to purchase and to read the articles in their entirety.

In a spirit of social amenity and good fellowship Mr. Lemoine has, in his "Quebec Volunteers," given a very lively sketch, that may be gratifying to those who may be survivors, and their friends; but how about the other side—the French Canadians—who may also have reminiscences of those days? He claims, notwithstanding the "Mac" in his name and lineage, to be himself a "French Canadian," and as such is there not work for his pen to sweep away some of the rubbish heaped upon the character of his fellow-countrymen thirty-six years ago, when friends, afraid for themselves, were glad to hold their tongues, and dared not encounter the wrath of those then in the ascendant, by publicly contradicting the scandalous aspersions on character and designs showered broadcast upon them?

The phrase, "Misguided patriots of 1837," is used on page 252. Those men were not misguided. The light of political light blazed before them like the leading pillar of fire of old! and they persevered in following till their cause triumphed in the enfranchisement of every British Colony, in powers that tore away the shackles of Downing street, that till then had been a continued menace to their liberty. While millions have benefited, who have labored not, thousands who sacrificed much, and were ready to sacrifice their all, have gone unrequited to their graves, with no memorial but the stones cast at them when living. We must not look merely to leaders, but to the masses, whose noble determination they were appointed to carry out, such as the people of 1837, without whose ardent support the so-called leaders would have been but wind-bags. Fortunate is the reformer martyr who perishes at the stake, compared to him who, ruined in all worldly concerns, drags to the end a weary

existence, with no recognition for suffering, service, and spurned for his poverty.

The French Canadians of to-day owe one of the greatest of debts to men of this class, in the generation of their countrymen that is past, or now passing away; and their history, still to be found in the unwritten annals of our parishes, should be, before it is too late, recorded more permanently by them of their own race, who enjoy the

blessings for which they made the sacrifice.*

NOTE.—Two days after the affair at St. Charles, in which he had acted a brave part, Simeon Marchessault stood by me on the ashes of the house just completed for his home. "All is gone," said he to me, "but I care not, if I have served my country." Shortly after, in cold December, I was wandering with him in the woods. He was captured and sent to Bermuda. But is the man alone to be considered? Was there not a wife and small children left to struggle, homeless and fatherless? And were there not many in the same position? We need not go behind old generations, or beyond our own province, to seek for heroic women.

Notices.

PROFESSOR AGASSIZ.

Few naturalists have filled so large a space in the popular confidence and esteem as did Professor Agassiz. The announcement of his death last month carried sadness through the wide circle of those who personally knew and loved him, and through the much wider circle of those who almost felt that they knew him equally well through his deeds, his writings, his discoveries, and who feared that the blank left by his death would be long in being filled up. Those who knew him recognized the truth of the statement made concerning him during his life by a literary contemporary, who said: "He is a scientific force, and no small portion of the immense influence he exerts is due to the energy, intensity, and geniality which distinguish the nature of the man. He is at once one of the most dominating and one of the most sympathetic of men—hav-

ing the qualities of leader and companion combined in singular harmony." It will be long before his now famous saying that "he had no time to make money" will pass into oblivion, and the effects of such an example of devotion to science can hardly be estimated.

We commence next month, under the title "Review of the Times," a series of current notes on passing events throughout the world, which will be contributed by one of the ablest of Canadian writers, and which will, we hope, add greatly to the interest of the magazine among those who wish to study the progress of cotemporary history in the light of the past, and rid of the excitement and feeling which color the hurried utterances of a newspaper press, necessarily more or less engaged in the conflicts of the day.